EUPHROSYNE:

OR,

AMUSEMENTS

ON THE

ROAD OF LIFE.

VOL. II.

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OR,

AMUSEMENTS

ON THE

ROAD OF LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

VOL. II.

Levi huic ſtudio deditum ingenium, *qualemcunque* illum laborem ſuum, ſilentio obliterari noluit.
VAL. MAX. l. viii. c. 6. de Fab. Pictore.

Yet, Sir, reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe madmen never hurt the church or ſtate—
Allow him but his *play-thing* of a pen,
He ne'er rebels or plots, like other men.
POPE's Ep. to Auguſtus.

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TO

MRS. WARBURTON:

AS A SLENDER TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE,

FOR MANY AND IMPORTANT FAVOURS

RECEIVED FROM THE FAMILY AT

PRIOR-PARK,

THE FOLLOWING

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

IS,

WITH THE UTMOST RESPECT,

INSCRIBED,

BY HER MUCH OBLIGED, AND

OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE

PREFACE.

Poetical Society at B—H E——N.——*Ancient poetical Recitals.*——*Poets vindicated from a culpable adulation.*

"AGAIN! what, more last words? "why this man is 'Parthis mendacior;' a greater lyar than any *party* news-"writer."

Such probably will be the remark of some morose critic; if any such has vouchsafed to pay any degree of attention to an

hint or two in the first volume of this trifling work.

Now, tho' the author cannot plead the importunity of his friends, or the importunity of his creditors (the honester plea perhaps of many a modern poet) for *publishing* his amusements; he can plead the earnest solicitation of the former, for *writing* a greater part of them.

The musical drama, in particular, is a species of composition, in which he was so far from having any idea of engaging, that when he was *requested*, by a young man of a noble family, to whom he had great obligations, to write something of that kind for a particular purpose, he would have evaded his friend's request, by observing, that he might as well employ a country carpenter to

make

make an harpſicord or an organ, as the author in a *branch of buſineſs* with which he was totally unacquainted. An unexpected incident having prevented its being made uſe of as intended, the author can only judge of its merit through the fallacious medium of partial friendſhip.

As for thoſe miſcellaneous pieces which make a conſiderable part of this volume, they were written at the earneſt ſolicitation of an obliging and reſpectable neighbour; who inſtituted, and has with ſo much *éclat* conducted, the poetical ſociety at B— E—n.

Lady Riggs Miller

This ſociety, I am aware, has been expoſed to the undeſerved inſults of envy and diſappointment: and even to the affected ſneers of ſome faſtidious critics of a more reſpectable character.

But what objection can reasonably be made to an institution of this kind, in the neighbourhood of Bath (a place devoted to pleasure and amusement) is hard to say.—At Bath are form'd *morning* parties, of every denomination, without censure. Some ride; some play at whist; some dance; and some *drink* in a morning: (drink, I mean, the Bath waters.) And if a worthy family, of a literary turn, are disposed to amuse themselves now and then at their elegant villa, by collecting a party of a similar taste with themselves, I can see nothing more ridiculous in this, than in a cotillion party at the Rooms, a laughing party at Spring-Gardens, or a *foraging* * party at a public breakfast.

* "To forage, to wander in search of provisions —to *plunder*," &c. Dr. Johnson's Dict.

A society

A ſociety of this kind might plead the example, not only of the moſt enlightened modern nations, but of the Romans themſelves, in the politeſt, or at leaſt, in the moſt refined ages of the Empire. Though every one knows, that the affair was by no means conducted with the ſame delicacy and politeneſs amongſt the Romans, as at B—th E—n. And the rigid ſatyriſt, Juvenal, had ſome reaſon perhaps to reckon amongſt the accumulated *horrors* of a town-life, in his time "* the poets reciting their own verſes."

The day was fix'd; a grand room fitted up; cards (*libelli*) ſent about, by the noble reci-

* After mentioning fires, tumbling down of houſes, and a *thouſand* other dangers of the city, he completes his climax—by adding "and poets rehearſing their verſes in the month of Auguſt"—*et Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas*. Sat. 3.

ter, to ſolicit the attendance of his friends and acquaintance. His clients and dependents were diſperſed in different parts of the room, to direct the taſte of the company: to clap, and by the moſt extravagant geſtures to teſtify their applauſe. The ſeverity of criticiſm was ſoftened, and the leſs affluent critic bought off, by the promiſe of an old coat, or the proſpect of a good dinner *.

In ſuch a ſtate of affairs, we cannot wonder at Pliny's complaint in his time, "That people were backward in attending theſe poetical rehearſals." *Ad audiendum pigrè coitur*; and that people ſlipped away before the end of the farce, like miſers from a

* "*Calidum ſcis ponere ſumen.*" PERS. Something analogous to pigs-pudding.

charity-

charity-ſermon. *Ante finem* furtim *recedunt* †.

But nothing like this is exhibited at B—th E—n. A number of well-bred people, of all ranks and all parties, meet upon a footing of equality. Every thing is conducted with the utmoſt propriety and elegance. Nothing of an indelicate, profane, or political tendency, is by any means admitted. The merits of the ſeveral candidates for the prize are decided, not by the caprice of any *part* of the audience; but after the critical examination of the whole aſſembly: and, in general, I believe, with as much impartiality as ſuch a variety of opinions will admit of.

† The whole humorous account is worth reading. B. i. Epiſt. 13.

Thoſe

Thoſe that have no taſte for *poetry*, may amuſe themſelves with ſome capital *paintings*, brought from Rome; with which the apartments are furniſhed. And thoſe who have no taſte for either, may at leaſt entertain themſelves with the ſight of many a blooming beauty; and (by the generous bounty of the ladies of the houſe) with chocolate, jellies, biſcuits, and macaroons.

Such an inſtitution will neceſſarily produce ſome haſty and ſome trifling performances (of which this collection *, it is feared, will be a glaring proof). But it has al-

* Though moſt of theſe pieces were produced in a morning's ride, or an evening's walk (amidſt more ſerious occupations) the author has had ſo much deference for the public, as to give them all the *correctneſs* his time or abilities would permit: but muſt yet rely greatly on their candour, and avail himſelf of Martial's maxim, "*Stultus* labor *eſt ineptiarum*."

ſo

ſo called forth ſome riſing genius's; and alſo excited ſome writers of the firſt rank, who reſide in or have occaſionally viſited Bath, to exhibit ſpecimens of their abilities, which they would not otherwiſe have done; and thus contributed to the public amuſement.

As the author has always been more inclined to panegyric than ſatire; he muſt intrude further upon the reader's patience, to ſay ſomething on the many *complimentary* addreſſes among the following little pieces.

Mr. Pope (if I may mention ſo great a name on ſo trifling an occaſion) accuſes even Virgil and Horace of adulation; and he himſelf has been cenſured of flattering Lord Cobham and Lord Bolingbroke, and of making demi-gods of all his friends.

But

But it is hard, methinks, upon thoſe poor bards, whom nature has endowed with great ſenſibility of heart, always open to impreſſions of gratitude; or, with a nitro-ſulphureous imagination, apt to catch fire at every ſpark of virtue or generoſity; it is hard, I ſay, that the poor bard muſt be accuſed of flattery, for expreſſing with warmth his benevolent feelings, or even for magnifying a little thoſe good qualities, which he has *really* experienc'd in his friend or benefactor.

He is not giving evidence in a court of law: nor *ſworn* to ſpeak the *whole* truth, if ſome part of it might ſet the object in a leſs favourable light than he would wiſh.

Mr. Pope was not obliged to ſcrutinize too ſeverely the private characters of his noble friends. He found them men of wit and elegant manners, and they treated *him* with

with kindness and condescension. What less return could a poet make, than a little harmless panegyric on the good qualities which they were really possessed of. "*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus et isti—Virtus nomen posuisset* honestum." For my own part, I think I can safely affirm, that I never wrote a thing of this kind, which I did not really believe at the time I wrote it. And as I have seldom gain'd, or expected, any thing more by my encomiums, than a little civility from my superiors; and as most of my compliments have been rather the effusions of gratitude for favours *received*, than snares for any that I have *expected*; I hope they will at least be entitled to the merit of being (in the vulgar sense of the word) entirely disinterested.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since this collection was sent to the press, the author has lost a much-honoured friend, and the public an upright magistrate, and one of the first lawyers of the age.

" *Cui Pudor & Justitiæ soror*
" Incorrupta *Fides nudaque Veritas,*
" *Quando ullum invenient parem?*"

This event has rendered a distich or two in the following Collection highly unseasonable: as they must appear at any time to those, who did not know, that Sir W. Bl—kst-ne was capable of attending to the minutest trifles, as well as to the most important affairs—of which " * the Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse" is an elegant proof.

* Dodsley's Misc. Vol. IV. p. 228.

CONTENTS.

POEMS.

PART I.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

On

CONTENTS.

PART

CONTENTS.

PART II.

EPIGRAMMATICAL.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.

PART III.

HUMOROUS.

CONTENTS.

PART

CONTENTS.

PART IV.

IMITATIONS FROM THE GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

Martial,

CONTENTS.

PART

CONTENTS.

PART V.

ELEGIAC PIECES.

N. B. *The pieces mark'd thus * *, were subjects given out by the Poetical Society.*

The few mark'd thus § §, have appeared in other collections.

ECHO

ECHO AND NARCISSUS;

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL

OF

THREE ACTS.

TO BE SET TO MUSIC.

Spreta latet ſylvis, pudibundaque frondibus ora
Protegit; & ſolis ex illo vivit in antris. OVID.

Sic amet ipſe licet, ſic non potiatur amato. Ib.

ARGUMENT.

The story of the Nymph ECHO *is well known. She was enamoured of* NARCISSUS, *an handsome youth; but so fond of his own person, and so much addicted to the pleasures of the chace, that he slighted the fairest nymphs of* Arcadia.

ECHO, *for tattling, had been punished by* JUNO *in a peculiar manner: So that she could never begin a conversation, or speak till she was first spoken to; but always had the last word.*

In the violence of her passion, however, she made pretty bold advances to the beautiful NARCISSUS: *But, being haughtily rejected, she retired to woods and solitudes; where she pined away, and was transformed into a mere voice.*

NARCISSUS *too, for his cruelty, was punished with a violent love of his own person; which he beheld in a fountain; and was changed into a flower of that name.*

Some private anecdotes of Antiquity hint, that ECHO *had been seduced by the sylvan God,* PAN. *This was probably a vile scandal. The Author, however, has availed himself of that circumstance, and introduced* PAN *as her Lover, to fill up the drama.*

The poets being silent as to the Parents of ECHO, *he has also taken the liberty to make her the daughter of* PENEUS *and* LARISSA; *the names of a river, and a city, in* Peloponnesus *as well as in* Thessaly.

P. S. As the Author is entirely ignorant of musical composition, he relies upon the candour of the Adepts in that Science, for any impropriety in the conduct of his piece.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

NARCISSUS, *a beautiful youth (too fond of his own person.)*

ARCAS, *his companion.*

PENEUS, *father of* ECHO.

PAN, *a sylvan God, lover of* ECHO.

WOMEN.

ECHO, *a young Nymph, enamoured of* NARCISSUS.

LARISSA, *her mother.*

SCENE, ARCADIA.

ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Forest; or Sylvan prospect.

RECITATIVE.

NARCISSUS.

SEE! from the east, the radiant source of light
Dispels the dewy vapours of the night;
Nature looks gay, and with a blooming face
Smiles on th' approaching pleasures of the chace.

ARCAS.

Our loitering friends, in ſleep's ſoft fetters bound,
Wait, 'till our labours by ſucceſs are crown'd;
Haſte! haſte! ye ſluggards! to the field repair;
Our ſports partake, and in our raptures ſhare.

HUNTING SONG.

Duet.

I.

ARCAS.

All nature looks gay,
To the woods, hark! away,
Rouſe the ſtag from the echoing grove;
Urge the chace while 'tis light,
Give to Venus the night,
And the raviſhing pleaſures of love.

II.

NARCISSUS.

Hold, hold thy raſh tongue,
Nor pollute the chaſte ſong,

With

With the name of that amorous Queen;
Pay Diana thy vows,
That the ſtag ſhe would rouſe,
From the woods and the foreſts ſo green.

III.

ARCAS (*liſtening.*)

Our vows they are heard;
The ſtag has appear'd;
Hark! hark! to the ſound of the horn.—
[*Horn at a diſtance.*
Come away to your ſteed;
See the hounds, in full ſpeed,
Bruſh off the freſh dews of the morn.

IV.

NARCISSUS.

O'er hills and wild woods,
Thro' the vallies and floods,
We'll enjoy the melodious cry;
We'll purſue the fleet hounds,
Give the ſtag his death-wounds,
And ſee the poor wanderer die! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ECHO *alone.*

ECHO *appears as they go off, and repeats the last line——*

(accompanied with a German flute.)

ECHO.

——" And see the poor *wanderer* die !"—

RECITATIVE.

Must I for ever *wander* thus alone,
And make to solitary rocks my moan ?
Still from my sight the lovely hunter flies,
Nor e'er regards the language of my *eyes*;
For oh ! stern fate forbids me to impart
In melting *words* the torment of my heart;
Thus Juno on my tongue her vengeance wreaks;
Condemn'd to silence 'till my Lover speaks:
And when I would disclose my amorous pain,
My lips are dumb, my cheeks warm blushes stain.

AIR.

I.

My Love is like Apollo fair;
Like two bright ſtars his ſparkling eyes;
In his warm cheeks and flowing hair,
The God of Love in ambuſh lies.
But whilſt I burn, with love oppreſt,
Stern Winter's froſt has chill'd *his* breaſt.

II.

Whilſt he o'er hills and diſtant woods,
Heedleſs purſues the flying deer;
I haunt theſe lonely rocks and floods,
And pine in hopeleſs torments here;
My tongue is ſilent, but too plain
The crimſon bluſhes ſpeak my pain!

[*She retires at the approach of*—

PENEUS

PENEUS and LARISSA.

SCENE III.

PENEUS.

Why courts our Echo thus the ſylvan ſhade?—
See! on her languid cheek the roſes fade:
All day ſhe ſighs the lonely woods among;
All night repeats the plaintive warbler's ſong.

LARISSA.

Romantic girl! ſhe haunts the penſive grove,
Nor knows that ſolitude's the nurſe of love;
She for Narciſſus pines, that haughty ſwain
Who ſcorns the faireſt nymphs that tread the plain.

SONG.

Duet.

I.

PENEUS.

If once the poor Nymph has got love in her head,
'Tis time, my Lariſſa, our daughter to wed;

She

She may prove a fond, loving wife:
Yet we'll ſtay, if we can,
'Till we find out a man,
That will make her quite happy for life.

II.

LARISSA.

Indeed, my dear Peneus, a daughter of mine
Should rather on chalk and on ſealing-wax pine,
Than marry before ſhe's of age;
I'd keep the fond ſlut
In ſome cottage or hut,
Pent up like a bird in a cage.

III.

PENEUS.

Alas! you're miſtaken, indeed, my dear Life;
You talk like a fooliſh, fantaſtical wife;
She'll never confinement endure;
Let her friſk it about
At each paſtoral rout,
Variety 'll ſoon work a cure.

BOTH.

BOTH.

"Let her frisk it about

"At each pastoral rout,

"Variety 'll soon work a cure." [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PAN, *purſuing* ECHO.

RECITATIVE.

PAN.

AH! fly me not, *fair* maid, thy fears diſmiſs;
One *look* vouchſafe me, if deny'd a *kiſs*;
Ah! why (to me ſo cruel and ſo coy)
Why vainly court'ſt thou that capricious boy;
Think not the youth thy paſſion will requite,
Whoſe own *fair* features are his ſole delight.
Slight not my vows; Lord of this fertile plain,
Theſe woods, theſe flocks, theſe num'rous herds, I reign.
Come! dwell with me; reward my ardent love,
And reign the ſovereign miſtreſs of the grove.

SONG *by ſome ſtrong voice.*

I.

PAN.

Dear Echo forbear
To ſigh and deſpair,

From

From the haughty Narciſſus, ah! fly;
Come dwell in theſe rocks,
Partake of my flocks,
And the fruits which my gardens ſupply.

II.

You're a virgin now ripe,
Come attend to my pipe,
'Twill charm you, I'll venture to ſay;
My paſſion requite,
We'll love the long night,
And in pleaſure will ſpend the long day.

III.

The gay mortal youth,
Tho' he boaſt of his truth,
Too often inconſtant he proves;
Then come! to my arms
Reſign your bright charms,
And try how a Demi-god loves.

ECHO *repeats the laſt line contemptuouſly*—
——"Try how a Demi-god loves!"

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

ECHO.

Hence! hence! nor on my privacy intrude,
Nor *dare* disturb my sacred solitude.
Narcissus flies; but let me still pursue,
Tho' he is cruel, Echo will be true.

PAN.

Ah! scorn the swain, to such bright beauties blind,
And smile on Pan, who always will prove kind.

AIR.

ECHO.

Ah! talk not of your odious love,
Nor think I'll e'er inconstant prove,
Or quit this lonely shade;
I love one dear, tho' cruel boy,
And if I can't my Love enjoy,
I'll live and die a maid!
I'll live, &c. } *Spirituoso.*

SCENE II. *(changes.)*

ECHO *retires behind the Scene.*

Enter NARCISSUS *fatigued with the chace.*

RECITATIVE.

NARCISSUS.

Ye awful woods! chaſte Dian's lov'd retreat,
Shade me, O! ſhade me from the ſcorching heat;
Here let us reſt, and view our ſlaughter'd ſpoil,
Then with freſh life reſume the pleaſing toil;
Hither, my comrades! to this fount' repair,
And ſhun the noontide heat and blaſting air.

AIR.

NARCISSUS.

Hither come, O! let us meet,
In this lovely, cool retreat.

ECHO *repeats.*

" Hither come, O! let us meet,
" In this lovely, cool retreat."

NARCISSUS.

NARCISSUS.

Beneath the lofty Poplar's ſhade.

ECHO *repeats.*

" Beneath the lofty Poplar's ſhade."

NARCISSUS.

Hot and weary from the chace,
Come to this ſequeſter'd place.

ECHO *repeats.*

" Hot and weary from the chace,
" Come to this ſequeſter'd place."

NARCISSUS.

Where in ſoft repoſe I'm laid.

ECHO *repeats.*

" Where in ſoft repoſe I'm laid."

NARCISSUS.

Hail ! ye cool refreſhing rills,
Gently trickling down the hills.

ECHO *repeats.*

" Hail! ye cool refreſhing rills,

" Gently trickling down the hills."

NARCISSUS.

Pour'd from the Naïd's copious urn.

ECHO *repeats.*

" Pour'd from the Naïd's copious urn."

NARCISSUS.

And thou gentle, fragrant breeze,

Breathing thro' the quiv'ring trees.

ECHO *repeats.*

" And thou gentle, fragrant breeze,

" Breathing thro' the quiv'ring trees."

NARCISSUS.

O! ſooth the heat with which I burn.

ECHO *repeats.*

" O! ſooth the heat with which I burn."

ECHO, *frantic with love, ruſhes from her retreat; and runs to embrace* NARCISSUS, *who ſtarts up and retires.*

RECITATIVE.

NARCISSUS.

What means the frantic maid? reſerve thoſe charms
For ſome more am'rous youth's deſerving arms;
Devoted to the pleaſures of the field,
I'll ne'er to wanton Love's ſoft empire yield.—
But hark! my comrades chide my long delay,
And the ſhrill horn has ſummon'd us away.

[*A horn. Exit.*

ECHO *alone.*

RECITATIVE.

ECHO.

Fly, fly, inſenſate youth! reſerve *thy* charms
For ſome more happy rival's envy'd arms—
Yet know! thou too *ſhalt* love, relentleſs boy;
And ſigh for charms, which thou ſhalt ne'er enjoy.

[*Retires again to the ſide of the ſtage.*

But hail! ye woods! beneath your gloomy ſhade
Again receive a love-ſick, hapleſs maid:
Who'll hide her bluſhes from each mortal eye,
And here in ceaſeleſs anguiſh pine and die. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

PENEUS and LARISSA.

RECITATIVE.

PENEUS, *or both.*

WHERE, where ſhall we our wretched Echo find?
Long has the nymph in fruitleſs ſorrow pin'd;
And now, by ſome raſh act of ſad deſpair,
Ended at once her life and torturing care.

Enter PAN.

RECITATIVE.

PAN.

As late at ev'n I watch'd my nibbling flock,
And tun'd my pipe beneath yon' hoary rock,
I heard fair Echo's voice with glad ſurpriſe;
Flew to the place, and ſearch'd with longing eyes;
But found her not:—By chance there croſs'd the plain
Some heav'nly Powers, who cry'd "Thy ſearch is vain:

" Echo is gone: Thy fruitleſs love give o'er,
" Her voice you'll *hear*—but never *ſee* her more!"

LARISSA.

Oh! my loſt child! thou pride of all the grove!
Thou early victim of an ill-plac'd love:
Unkind Narciſſus! thou, too, cruel ſwain,
Some haughty fair ſhalt love, and love in vain.

CHORUS.

I.

Ye nymphs that now are in your prime,
Your paſſions learn to check in time;
Or ſoon they'll too imperious prove,
When once inflam'd by youthful love.

II.

Poor Echo ſaw a thoughtleſs boy
Her gentle peace of mind deſtroy;
And thus in beauty's blooming pride,
The nymph, tho' not unpitied, died!

ECHO *(tho' invisible) repeats the last words.*

——" Not unpitied, died!"

The CHORUS *start, and express surprise; but* ECHO *(still invisible) proceeds.*

RECITATIVE.

ECHO.

Mourn not, my friends, the love-lorn Echo's fate;
I still survive, and in a happier state:
In kind compassion to my slighted love,
The Cyprian Queen, within this hallow'd grove,
Protects me from the fatal stroke of death,
And grants me still the *vocal* pow'rs of breath.
Amid' these rocks, conceal'd from mortal eyes,
I hear the Lover's moan, the Hunter's cries;
And each revolving morn I still rejoice,
To echo back my lov'd Narcissus' voice.
Contented thus in solitude I dwell—

PENEUS and LARISSA.

Farewell! then, gentle Echo—O! farewell!—

ECHO *repeats.*

——"Farewell!"

SCENE II.

Enter ARCAS.

RECITATIVE.

ARCAS.

Ill-fated youth! to quit the nobler chace,
And fall a victim to thy blooming face:
The young Narciſſus, inſolent and vain,
Who ſcorn'd the faireſt nymphs that haunt the plain;
And ſpurn'd the lovely Echo from his arms;
Now languiſhes for viſionary charms:
Stretch'd on a fountain's brink, and matted graſs,
Views his own ſhadow in the watery glaſs;
Nor can regard to health, or ſleep, or food,
Drag him a moment from the cryſtal flood;

Where,

Where, in a dream of bliſs, the idiot lies,
And for his own dear image pines and dies.

ALL.

The Gods are juſt! and wiſely thus requite
The pride, that ev'ry female charm cou'd ſlight.

GRAND CHORUS.

I.

Hence! ye haughty ſwains, beware
How you ſlight the modeſt fair,
Whoſe unwary, artleſs breaſt,
Is by virtuous love poſſeſt:
Shun the harlots' lewd embraces,
Their treach'rous ſmiles and wanton graces.

II.

But the ſelf-admiring youth,
Blind to innocence and truth,

Whoſe

Whoſe whole thoughts himſelf employs,
Who contemns chaſte Hymen's joys,
Soon or late ſhall vengeance prove,
For beauty ſcorn'd and ſlighted love.

END OF THE DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

POEMS.

POEMS.

PART I.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

POEMS.

PART I.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

* * ON OPINION;

OR, THE

VARIOUS PURSUITS OF MANKIND.

To Dr. B——— at Rome.

SINCE all agree, 'tis hard to find
Two men alike, 'mongſt all mankind;
Laugh not, my friend, if I purſue
Schemes unaccountable to you:
Leſt I retort, and laugh again;
And judge *your* projects ſtill more vain.

Tho' Reaſon boaſt her ſage dominion,
All happineſs is but *Opinion.*
Wiſdom in vain exalts her voice,
To cenſure Folly's random choice;
Whilſt each man finds ſome ſtrange enjoyment
In what he makes his chief employment.

You wonder what the anxious Miſer
In heaps of hoarded gold can 'ſpy, Sir;
Who thus torments and ſtarves himſelf,
To hover o'er his uſeleſs pelf.
He pities you, "who toil and ſweat,
"And brave fam'd Ætna's ſcorching heat:
"Or 'midſt the rigorous winters pine,
"That freeze the Danube and the Rhine:
"Your time and labour *idly* waſte,
"Indulgent to what *you* call taſte:
"And wonders what ſtrange pleaſure lies
"In medals, books, and—butterflies *."

* The contemptuous language of the Miſer. For the ingenious Doctor is in an higher claſs of virtuoſi.

The man of eaſe is ſhock'd to ſee
Ambition's anxious votary:
Who quits the calmer joys of life,
To ſtem the waves of factious ſtrife.
Tho' form'd by Nature fierce and proud,
He ſtoops to court th' ignoble crowd,
As ſteps, to mount and ſtrut his hour
Around the ſlippery ſtage of pow'r:
Abus'd and pelted, right or wrong,
By th' envious and ambitious throng,
Who wiſh to work the wight's diſgrace,
That—they may lord it in *his* place.

Not ſo the gentle Macaronie,
Who ſacrifices time and money,
And every weightier occupation,
Attentive to the decoration
Of his belov'd exterior part:
On which he laviſhes his *art*,
Still thwarting Nature's wiſe intention
By every queer, uncouth invention,

That

That fops or taylors can devise,
Her genuine beauties to disguise.

Lo! even amidst the bloom of May,
(When every field and grove looks gay;
And I am reading in my arbour)
He's taken captive by his barber:
And, once secur'd within his pow'r,
Imprison'd many a tedious hour.
Whilst Monsieur with his batt'ring engine
(The tongs by turns his foretop singeing)
Attacks in front, in flank, in rear;
(Poor Strephon shuts his eyes for fear!)
Till smoke and scented dust perfume,
With suffocating steams, the room.

Thence issuing forth by five o'clock
(Like statue stiff or barber's block)
He dines—then at some brilliant rout
He sits in form and stares about;

At

At length, convey'd from whence he came,
To-morrow to repeat the ſame.

Bleſt as th' immortal Gods the Bard
(If meagre Fame his toils reward :)
Whilſt pleas'd he plies his harmleſs trade ;
In ſummer, 'midſt the ſylvan ſhade ;
In winter, by his parlour fire :
To ſprightlier joys he'll ne'er aſpire.
Whate'er befalls, he ſits content ;
Nor taxes heeds, nor loſs of rent :
Grant him, ye Gods, but pen and ink,
A warm ſurtout—a little drink!
What more has he to do with chink ?
Amidſt his calm Parnaſſian ſcenes,
He wonders what ambition means.
Rich, as the world were all his own,
Nor envies *monarchs* on their throne—

For monarchs various ſchemes purſue,
As whimſical as I or you—

Tho' born extenſive realms to bleſs—
Yet ſome their ſubjects ſtill oppreſs:
Like wolves, exulting in their pow'r,
Their flocks they pillage and devour.

There are, who place their higheſt glory
In warlike deeds—to ſhine in ſtory;
Exerting their heroic labours
To plunder and diſtreſs their neighbours:
Who ſeem by Heaven in wrath deſign'd,
Th' avenging angels of mankind.

Yet one there is, whoſe virtuous plan
Adorns the monarch and the man:
Whoſe influence and example tend
True piety to recommend:
Who, tutor'd young in Virtue's ſchool,
Still makes th' eſtabliſh'd laws his rule;
And, tho' traduc'd by factious lyes,
Rever'd by all the good and wiſe.

Anxious

Anxious his ſubjects ſtill to bleſs;
Tho' mortals can't command ſucceſs;
Since Providence, for wiſeſt ends,
Oft counteracts what man intends:
To human projects ſets due bounds;
And all our beſt-laid ſchemes confounds.

* * INVOCATION TO HYGEIA, GODDESS OF HEALTH.

Ὑγίεια—πρεσβίστα Μακάρων. Apud S. Johnsonum.

WHAT sprightly Nymph trips o'er the lawn,
Than blooming Hebe's self more bright?
O! fairer than the purple dawn,
Chasing the joyless gloom of night!

I know thee well; thy buskin'd feet,
Thy flowing locks and azure vest:
Banish'd the revels of the Great,
My frugal cot thou oft' hast blest.

By mortals styl'd heart-cheering Health,
In heaven *Hygeia* is thy name.
O! welcome! more than pow'r or wealth;
Than beauty's self; or life or fame.

As o'er the faireſt landſcape's face
  The ſolar beams freſh luſtre ſhed;
Thy charms to pleaſure add new grace,
  And grief erects her languid head.

But when thou'rt abſent nought can pleaſe,
  The bloom of ſpring or autumn's ſtore;
The wood-lark's notes but vainly teaze,
  And ev'n the Muſe delights no more.

Thy ſmiles, on velvet couch reclin'd,
  The wealthy Satrap courts in vain;
And frets to ſee thee prove more kind,
  And bleſs the ſturdy ruſtic ſwain.

Thou wiſely ſhun'ſt the pale reſorts
  Of midnight ball or maſquerade;
More pleas'd to join the rural ſports
  Of village-nymphs beneath the ſhade.

Tho' haply in the ſulphurous draught,
That flows from Bladud's fuming rills,
Thy power's convey'd: or *ſometimes* bought
From the ſage Leach's nauſeous pills:

Yet rather o'er the mountain's brow,
Thro' foreſt wild or balmy grove,
'Midſt ſummer's ſuns or winter's ſnow,
With Dian thou delight'ſt to rove.

Come then, bleſt Nymph! my cottage cheer,
Hale Exerciſe thy ſteps ſhall guide;
And decent Mirth ſhall meet thee there;
And Temperance at the board preſide.

Nov. 1777.

§ § ON DREAMS.

—— καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διός ἐστι. HOM.

"DREAMS are from Jove!" thus ſung the bard of old:
The modern Sage, if not more wiſe, more bold;
To Matter modify'd annexing Thought,
From earth, from clay, their origin has brought:
"The Soul's a mere machine"—They thence explain
By Motion's laws the viſions of the brain.

But how can Fancy then her vigils keep,
When this mechanic frame is lull'd to ſleep?
Tho' Sages may, yet ſure th' unletter'd Clown
Ne'er ſeeks the hour, when once his clock is down.
No; dreams as far the powers of clay ſurpaſs,
As Julia's ſelf her image in the glaſs.

"Dreams are from Jove!" their origin divine!
No truth more ſure e'er ſpoke the Delphic ſhrine.
Fatigu'd with care, with daily toil oppreſs'd,
When now the languid carcaſe ſinks to reſt,
The Soul takes wing; to diſtant regions flies;
Exults; expands; and ſoaring mounts the ſkies.
Aſſumes freſh vigour; thro' Elyſian groves,
Thro' fairy ſcenes, her own creation, roves:
Revels in bliſs, to waking wights unknown,
The earth, the air, the univerſe her own.
She rhymes, harangues, or hails the abſent friend,
Her views enlarg'd, to future times extend.
No chains of Matter can her pow'rs controul;
Thus Dreams diſplay the grandeur of the Soul.

Nov. 1776.

* * ON THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM:

An Epiſtle from OMIAH at London, to the HIGH-PRIEST of OTAHEITE;

(Exhibiting a ſketch of our religious worſhip, and other extraordinary cuſtoms.)

WHILST you, beneath the ſylvan ſhade
Of verdant palms ſerenely laid,
Enjoy, 'midſt ever-blooming trees,
The fragrance of the ſummer's breeze:
Or, wrapt in holy contemplation,
Attend the duties of your ſtation:
Far-diſtant regions I explore;
An exile from my native ſhore.
And here, 'midſt tumults, ſmoke, and noiſe,
Cut off from Nature's purer joys,
'Mongſt crowds of *ſavages*, alone,
Beneath an irkſome dreſs I groan.

My

My limbs with various fetters bound,
Which *Cuſtom* here has *decent* found.

With uncouth objects, barbarous rites,
And endleſs, ſtrange, diſguſting ſights;
I feel my mind perplex'd, not taught;
Nor gain that knowledge which I ſought.

For oh! had I an hundred tongues;
A throat of braſs, and iron lungs;
Yet how could I in words deſcribe
The manners of this motley tribe,
With whom I live?—their monſtrous dreſſes,
Their ſports, their food, and poiſonous meſſes;
For which they diſſipate their wealth,
Give up their time, their eaſe, their health?

Yet, in obedience to my friend,
This haſty ſketch I gladly ſend:
The beſt account I yet can give
Of the *ſtrange* folks with whom I live.

And firſt I'd willingly explain,
What puzzled us ſo much in vain;
(And which ev'n now I can but gueſs)
What ſcheme of *worſhip* they profeſs:
No marks of which could you diſcern;
Nor I in all my voyage learn.

Yet, by an ancient Sage I'm told,
Theſe rude barbarians wont of old
Some great *Divinity* to own:
In proof of which there yet are ſhewn
Huge temples, that majeſtic riſe
With domes, and ſpires that *pierce* the ſkies.
Where, once a week, a *man in black*,
Or linen robe thrown o'er his back,
Gets up; and there with *all his might*
Inculcates what himſelf thinks right.
But tho' ſo zealouſly he ſtrive
To keep the ancient faith alive;
Yet *Cuſtom's* more tyrannic ſway
Still draws the crowd a different way:

And

And none but peaſants, or the poor,
E'er come within the temple's door:
And ev'n thoſe wretches meet together,
To ſleep—or talk about the weather:
Nor e'er the leaſt attention pay
To all the *man in black* can ſay.

Yet ſtill, there feſtivals remain,
Which ſome religious caſt retain:
And mark'd by ſome * peculiar diet;
(Tho' more by drunkenneſs and riot)
Which, by the mob alone reſpected,
Are by politer folks neglected;
Who 're much too wiſe, or elſe too proud,
To worſhip like th' ignoble crowd.

For know, my friend, that here, of late,
The richer ſort to captivate,

* This ſubject was given out at Chriſtmas, formerly the ſeaſon of plumb-pottage and minced-pye.

More

More modern temples have been built,
Adorn'd with ſtatues, richly gilt:
In every ſtreet almoſt, around
This great metropolis, are found
Theſe ſacred domes: But none ſo fam'd
As that, the grand Pantheon nam'd.
Their modern Idol's chief abode;
Who lords it o'er each rival God;
And, fixing there her glittering throne,
She now triumphant reigns alone.

In various forms this Idol's dreſs'd;
By various names her power's expreſs'd
'Tis ſaid, amongſt the Gods above,
She's *Venus* ſtyl'd, or *Vagrant Love:*
(And they her proper ſtyle *ſhould* know)
But *Pleaſure* is her name below.

Here male and female, old and young,
In wanton troops promiſcuous throng;

And here, depriv'd of food and ſleep,
Their pale religious vigils keep:
Here laviſh all their time and treaſure,
In honour of their Idol *Pleaſure*.
In ſongs and dance and ſavage rites,
Encircled by a thouſand lights,
In giddy mazes round they walk:
They bow, they ogle, laugh, and talk;
By all theſe antic geſtures try
To ſooth their *wayward* Deity.

With more devout affections fir'd,
To ſecret *chambers* * ſome retir'd,
Their taliſmans with myſtic ſpots
Mark'd o'er, they conjure or caſt lots:
With magic incantations court
The fickle dame; and call her *Sport*:
But when with ſuch infernal rage
I ſee her votaries engage;

* The Gamblers.

Their

Their execrations, frantic air,
And every ſymptom of deſpair;
I muſt (ſuch torture they ſuſtain)
Inſtead of *Pleaſure* call her *Pain*.

But chief their Nymphs and Matrons all,
Obedient to their Sovereign's call,
Nocturnal revels duly hold:
Adorn'd indeed with pearls and gold;
But in ſuch cumb'rous veſtments dreſs'd,
Their tender frames ſink down oppreſs'd.

For know, theſe nymphs, by nature fair,
With *Oberèa* * might compare:
But from devotion to their Goddeſs,
Or Cuſtom's force, their dreſs ſo odd is,
That ev'n the female Hottentot,
Whoſe hiſtory from the Cape I wrote,

* Suppoſed queen of Otaheitè.

Deck'd

Deck'd out in chitterlins and ſuet,
In ſavage grace could ſcarce outdo it.

Inſtead of ſimple locks, that deck,
In looſely-flowing curls, the neck
Of Otaheitè's blooming maids;
When dancing in the Cocoa's ſhades;
Theſe ſavages their heads diſguiſe,
And bid th' enormous ſtructure riſe,
With pads of wool and plumes of feather,
All pinn'd and plaiſter'd on together,
Till, after all their pains and coſt,
The lovely human figure's loſt.

Thus all night long, depriv'd of ſleep,
Theſe veſtals holy veſpers keep:
Ev'n in the blooming month of May
Exclude the charms of orient day:
'Till, harraſs'd out with pure devotion,
And drench'd with *Pleaſure*'s pois'nous potion,

They

They home convey their haggard charms,
To an insipid husband's arms.

Yet some there are that nobly strive
The ancient manners to revive;
And here and there a virtuous wife,
(Rare patterns of domestic life!)
Who ne'er for lawless pleasures roam,
But find their happiness at home:
Tyrannic Custom's power withstand;
Faint copies of fair * Cumberland.

But stop, rash Muse! nor dare pursue
Th' illustrious theme—Sage friend, adieu!

* The Duchess of Cumberland was present at B—th E—st—n.

THE FAIR MORALIST.

Eheu! fugaces!—— HOR.

AS late beneath yon ſpreading ſhade
Of willows, quivering o'er the brook,
I ſate with Lucia, lovely maid!
With penſive air and downcaſt look;

She view'd the flower, which, in her walk,
She'd gather'd from th' enamel'd mead,
That now oppreſs'd its bending ſtalk,
And, withering, droop'd its languid head.

"Ah me! ſhe cry'd, how ſoon is paſt
Our happy, thoughtleſs, youthful hour!
Our pureſt pleaſures will not laſt,
But fade like this autumnal flow'r.

Where now are all the blooming joys,
  That gilded those auspicious days?
Where all the flattering, splendid toys,
  Which then so high our hopes could raise?

All, all are flown; and gloomy care
  Now spreads o'er life her dusky wings;
Each day is clouded with despair;
  Each hour fresh cause of sorrow brings!"

True, my fair preacher, I exclaim'd,
  Our youthful hopes were rais'd *too* high:
At more exalted bliss we aim'd,
  Than e'er was found beneath the sky.

Yet whilst my Lucia constant proves,
  Thus condescends to sooth my care;
Whilst she her swain thus fondly loves,
  We'll bid defiance to despair.

I ſaid; and to my lips I preſs'd
Her willing hand: my head, reclin'd,
I lean'd upon her ſoothing breaſt,
And gave all ſorrow to the wind.

1762.

§§ ON CAPRICE.

OFFSPRING of Pride or lawleſs Pow'r,
Whom Folly, in an evil hour,
The gifts of Fortune to defeat,
Brought forth, the torment of the Great!
Caprice! go vent thy little rage
On vice, deformity, or age:
There tyrannize with boundleſs ſway,
Nor youth and beauty make thy prey.

With thoſe bright eyes, that blooming face,
That ſhape, that air, that winning grace;
With all that wit and taſte impart
To hold in captive chains the heart:
Yet, Laura, with what fatal haſte
Your fleeting moments run to waſte!
Your ſpring of life, alas! is o'er;
That joyous age that comes no more!

You captives make, yet not a ſwain
But ſoon diſguſted breaks his chain.
Caprice thoſe brilliant eyes diſarms;
An antidote to all your charms!
Fraught with the power to ſave or kill,
You lovers gain to treat them ill.
To-day you ſmile, to-morrow frown:
You raiſe our hopes, then ſpurn them down;
Now ſpread and now contract your ſail,
As fancy and caprice prevail.
Would any wretch embark for life,
With ſuch a fair—fantaſtic wife?

No; rather let me ſtem the tide,
Without an helm my bark to guide;
The ſport of waves and varying winds,
Than truſt to ſuch *capricious* minds,
Where whim or paſſion holds the rein,
And ſlighted reaſon pleads in vain.

Tho'

Tho' Fortune on our prospects smiles,
Caprice our fairest hopes beguiles.
Tho' blest with friends, with youth, with health,
And all the gay parade of wealth;
With equipage, a mansion fair,
With turrets glittering high in air;
Our lawns extend, our waving woods
Inverted nod from silver floods;
With every earthly means of bliss,
The road to happiness we miss.
Capricious Fancy's dazzling light
Misleads us, like a dancing sprite:
Thro' devious wilds we vagrant roam,
And never reach our destin'd home.

Nature decks out a various feast,
To humour each fastidious guest:
But Fancy, like a wayward child,
By too indulgent parents spoil'd,

Indignant kens the offer'd treat:
Tho' urg'd by hunger, ſcorns to eat;
Turns from mama, with angry eye;
And frets and pouts—it knows not why.

A COLLEGE LIFE.

YE cloiſter'd domes, ye moſs-grown tow'rs,
Ye awful groves and roſeate bow'rs,
Where Iſis laves her willow'd ſhore,
And Science opens all her ſtore;
Her golden mines of truth and knowledge,
For ages ripening in a college;
Let me your ſober joys rehearſe,
Whilſt Myra liſtens to my verſe.

What time the holy matin bell
Has rous'd the ſtudent from his cell;
Soon as Aurora's beams appear,
With hearts devout, and ſpirits clear,
Within the ſacred quire they pay
To Heaven the firſt-fruits of the day.
Th' hiſtoric windows' radiant hues
A ſweet, celeſtial light diffuſe:

While Music's charms conspire to raise
The soul to gratitude and praise.

From thence the moral lectures call
Each pupil to the public hall:
Whose dictates virtuous hints impart
T' improve the mind or mend the heart.

Tho' fools all serious truths despise,
The sober youth each hint applies,
And daily grows more learn'd, more wise.

Each task has here its hour assign'd:
For, thus to stated hours confin'd,
Each duty lighter grows by use;
And forms substantial good produce.

The morning thus so well begun,
And all its earlier business done,
He now with some selected friends
The hour of sweet refreshment spends;

Whose

Whoſe ſallies, ſprightly and ſincere,
Like Hyſon's ſtreams, the ſpirits cheer:
Where candour and good ſenſe unite,
And mutual confidence invite;
Their hearts with youthful ardour warm,
Embrace, and laſting friendſhips form.

Recruited thus, alert and gay,
They ply the ſtudies of the day.
Sage Mentor * now aſſiſts the youth,
And guides him in his ſearch of truth;
Points out the philoſophic page,
Th' authentic works of every age:
Of thoſe, whoſe *art* † fit arms ſupplies
Againſt Wit's dangerous ſophiſtries:
Or who, with *moral* ‡ precepts fraught,
Th' œconomy of life have taught:
Or dar'd, at awful diſtance, ſcan
Th' *ſecrets* § of th' Almighty's plan:

* The Tutor. † Logic. ‡ Ethics. § Phyſics and Metaphyſics.

Or who in verſe or proſe have told
Th' illuſtrious acts of heroes bold:
The glorious themes his boſom fire,
And love of honeſt fame inſpire.

But whilſt he gives their well-earn'd praiſe
To claſſic wits of ancient days,
He none ſuperior finds to thoſe,
Who in *our* ſeats of learning roſe.
Again in Milton Homer lives;
The Stagyrite * in Locke revives:
And ſee! in Newton's ſelf alone
All ancient Sages met in one.
He firſt unfolded Nature's laws;
And, tracing to the Firſt Great Cauſe,
Has one conſiſtent ſyſtem ſhewn,
To mortals hitherto unknown.

* Ariſtotle.

Amidſt

Amidſt theſe pleaſing toils, too ſoon
When now the ſun has reach'd his noon,
By exerciſe and wholeſome air,
They for their frugal meal prepare:
(Such meals, by Spartan laws ordain'd,
Her ſons to health and vigor train'd)
And then, in ſpite of ſummer's heat,
Or winter's cold, their toils repeat;
Till ſpirits faint, or ſetting ſun,
Remind them that their taſk is done.

Nor yet, amidſt this ſtudious leiſure,
Debarr'd from every ſocial pleaſure;
In ſummer's eve, thro' fields and meads,
As chance directs, or fancy leads,
The youthful band or ſaunt'ring ſtray,
Or active ſpring in wanton play.

Or in more decent form appear,
Where nymphs the public gardens cheer:

Their radiant ſmiles, their charms divine,
The ſoul revive, the thoughts refine.

Or, if the ſurly winter's gloom
Invite to ſome warm chearful room;
Enliven'd by the temperate glaſs,
In ſober glee the evenings paſs.
Where pointed wit, or humorous tale,
Or joyous pun, by turns prevail:
Till, by the curfew call'd to reſt,
They fly, (like larks into their neſt)
With happy, peaceful ſlumbers bleſt.

Thus calmly glide the hours away,
Thus chearfully they paſs the day,
In queſt of truth and uſeful knowledge,
Within the precincts of a college.

Such was the pious founder's * plan,
Who taught, that "*Manners makyth man.*"

* William of Wickham, founder of New College.

Such,

Such, Chichley, † thine; beneath whoſe tow'rs,
I ſpent my happieſt, youthful hours,
On literary fame intent,
And conquering "Virtue's ſteep aſcent;"
Till Venus, and the ſportive Muſe,
Deriding my ambitious views,
Seduc'd me to the flowery meads,
Where Pleaſure her enchantments ſpreads.
Hence Learning's toils no longer pleaſe;
But indolence, and love of eaſe,
On all my brighter ſchemes intrude:
And, baniſh'd now to mountains rude,
I pine in joyleſs ſolitude.

Yet, let not thoſe our plan revile,
Whoſe lives the ſtains of vice defile:
Whoſe diſſipated ſouls repine,
And ſpurn the gentleſt diſcipline:

† All Souls.

Who,

Who, in the cloister's hallow'd bound,
The laws of decency confound,
And *universities* abuse—
For not permitting * *public stews.*

* Said to have been a modern complaint of some licentious young men of fortune—against *our universities.*

PART II.

PART II.

EPIGRAMMATICAL.

PART II.

EPIGRAMMATICAL.

THE FEMALE CHAMPIONS.

To Mrs. MONTAGU:

On her defence of SHAKSPEARE against VOLTAIRE.

WHEN haughty Lewis, with ambition fir'd,
To universal monarchy aspir'd;
And powerful kingdoms, fill'd with dire alarms,
Conspir'd to check th' exulting tyrant's arms;
Britain, undaunted at the hero's fame,
Oppos'd her *female* monarch to his claim:
Victorious Anna bade her troops advance;
And to its center shook the throne of France.

When, late, Voltaire, with equal pride inflam'd,
The ſovereignty of Wit more boldly claim'd;
And deeply wounded, in her Shakſpeare's name,
The Britiſh taſte and literary fame;
A female Champion ſeiz'd the lance; and lo!
Hurl'd back defiance to th' inſulting foe;
The doughty hero of his armour ſpoil'd,
And at his own ſharp weapons nobly foil'd.

Nor yet content to plead her Shakſpeare's cauſe,
She gives to Gallic Bards more perfect laws:
To which their tragic heroes muſt ſubmit,
And France to Britain yield the prize of wit.

On Miſs S—M—R.

WHEN high-born nymphs, of birth or beauty vain,
By pride and inſolence their luſtre ſtain;
With ſupercilious airs inferiors treat,
And ſcornful frowns their ſuppliant vot'ries meet;
We judge the nobleſt dame not worth our care,
And view more pleas'd the lowlieſt village-fair:
For haughty airs the brighteſt eyes diſarm;
And pride's an antidote to every charm.

Not ſo fair S—m—r; whoſe angelic face,
Sweet ſmiles and condeſcending manners grace.
Unconſcious of her rank*, her careleſs eaſe,
Her want of art augments her power to pleaſe.
Good-nature to her charms new force imparts,
And gives her full poſſeſſion of our hearts.

1776.

* Niece to the D. of S.

To Lady M—LL—R,

In return for her elegant LETTERS ON ITALY, &c.

WHILST vulgar travellers nicely mark each ſtage;
And poſts and leagues fill up th' inſipid page:
With care inform us where they ſleep or dine;
How hard their mattreſs, or how bad their wine:
Their tour th' idea of a map conveys;
Nor grudge th' exact geographer his praiſe.

Your brighter fancy, with a painter's ſkill,
Preſents each ſtriking object; verdant hill,
Romantic rock, or mountain crown'd with pines;
And in each page ſome pleaſing landſcape ſhines.

The nobleſt monuments of ancient Art,
Touch'd by your pencil, heighten'd charms impart:

Each palace, convent, court, or church we view,
We viſit, feaſt, converſe, and dance with you:
Stroll o'er each ſtreet of Naples, or of Rome;
And make the tour of Italy—at home.

To Miſs H——D,

On an act of great BENEVOLENCE.

"O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior!"

Impromptu.

STELLA, with all her mother's charms,
Whoſe eyes deſtructive lightning arms!
Accompliſh'd! ſenſible! and gay!
Was form'd for univerſal ſway.
Where'er ſhe *moves**, ſhe conqueſts gains—
Leads Thanes and Dukes in captive chains.

* Celebrated for her dancing.

Yet not content with beauty's prize,
The vaſſals of her brilliant eyes;
Stella, with nobler game in view,
Than making ſlaves of me or you;
(Her trueſt intereſt underſtood)
Delights yet more in doing good.
Tho' born to rule, her will no leſs
Is bent her humbleſt ſlaves to bleſs.—
This truth, at leaſt, let *me* proclaim;
Who find her will and power the ſame.

24 Aug. 1770

To

To Mr. Sk——,

On his modernizing W—sl—y.

YOUR ancestors, with prudent care,
Their pastures to secure,
Around these lawns high hedges rear,
Or in vast walls immure.

Thy nobler taste, to charm the sight,
Each awkward fence removes;
Whilst Fancy now with boundless flight
O'er spacious prospects roves:

Sees distant hills, meand'ring floods,
To form the landscape join:
And Farley rocks, and Methuen's woods,
And Cl—rton-house are thine.

To

To guard their trivial works of *Art*,
Whilſt fools vaſt ſums employ,
You wiſely chuſe the nobler part,
And *Nature's* charms enjoy.

1776.

To the D. of ——.

HAPPY the man! not he, who, like your Grace,
Derives from royal anceſtors his race:
Not he, who fir'd with rapture, can behold
His coffers teem with ſhining heaps of gold:
Nor he alone, whoſe woods and lakes afford
Their choiceſt ſtores to deck his plenteous board:
Much leſs, whoſe levée flattering throngs attend;
Curs'd with a crowd of ſlaves—without a friend:

But he, who, ſhelter'd in ſome ſweet retreat,
Flies from the toilſome ſplendor of the Great;

" Lord

" Lord of himſelf!" his time, his thoughts his own,
Enjoys the beſt ſociety—alone:
If ſuch *alone* can be, who in each page
Talk with the wiſe and good of every age:
Bleſs'd with an eaſy, independent friend,
Of wit ſufficient—never to offend:
More wiſe, more virtuous grown, his hours, each day,
In health and eaſe glide unperceiv'd away:
With, or without, that play-thing call'd a wife,
This man may ſurely lead an happy life.

1775.

A Viſit

A Visit to Hestercombe, Somersetshire.

AT Hestercombe sure all the gods unite
To captivate the heart and charm the sight!
The Dryads there and lovely Naiads sport:
And Venus and the Graces keep their court.
There Pallas and her pupils play their part,
And ply the needle's and the pencil's art.
Nor Bacchus there his temperate gifts denies,
And Plenty's horn ev'n luxury supplies.—
Thus poets sing—in mythologic strain;
But would you learn the truth, in terms more plain,
'Tis B—mpf—d's self and fair Melissa join,
With taste, and skill, and elegance divine,
To deck—and o'er the various feast preside;
Their hearts that dictate, and their hands that guide.

June 1779.

ON A SLEEPING CUPID,

Near a Fountain in Halſwell Grove.

I.

HIS bow unſtrung beſide him laid,
This tyrant of my breaſt
The murmuring rill and lonely ſhade
Have ſafely lull'd to reſt.

II.

Ye quivering leaves forbear to move!
Ye Zephyrs gently breathe!
Nor wake the treacherous God of Love,
That ſleeps theſe oaks beneath!

III.

But ah! ſhould Delia hither ſtray,
He'd 'wake and point his dart;
Swift as an eagle ſeize his prey,
And riot in my heart.

10 June, 1779.

On the Improvements at the Leasowes.

THO' Shenſtone's genius and poetic taſte
The native beauties of this valley trac'd;
Call'd forth each Naiad from her moſſy cell,
And with their foaming torrents cheer'd the dell;
Yet blame not H—rne, with happier fortune bleſt,
Who Nature's charms has yet more richly dreſt.
With ſpirit, taſte, and niceſt judgment fraught,
He Shenſtone's plan to full perfection brought.
With wider bounds the azure lake extends;
In larger ſtreams each cataract deſcends.
The ſtately villa and each ſeat reſtor'd,
And each gay ſcene proclaim a wealthier lord.

O! could my friend revive, and pleas'd look round,
Thou'dſt ſee thy ſimple taſte with ſplendor crown'd;
With Latian pomp thy ruſtic manſion riſe,
Thy table deck'd with all that wealth ſupplies.
In H—rne we view thy elegance and eaſe,
Thy cordial will, with ampleſt power to pleaſe.

June 1779.

A Sketch

A Sketch of R-DGR-VE HALL, from the Norwich Road.

AMIDST thoſe circling woods, in chaſteſt ſtyle,
How ſweetly riſes yon majeſtic pile!
The ſilver lake, from its meand'ring tides,
Reflects each object which adorns its ſides.
The gently-riſing ſlopes, the opening glades,
The varied ſcenes of mingled lights and ſhades,
A landſcape form, which Claude well-pleas'd might view,
Tho' none but Nature's pencil ever drew.
The traveller ſtops—or, ſlowly paſſing by,
Withdraws reluctant his enamour'd eye.

Such were the groves of Eden; ſuch the lawns
The fancied haunts of fabled Nymphs and Fawns.
Say rather, ſuch the ſtately villas roſe,
When Rome's great maſters ſought a calm repoſe,
Ere wild Caprice deprav'd their ſimpler taſte,
Or civil Diſcord laid each province waſte.

Retir'd

Retir'd from buſy crowds and party ſtrife,
Here H—t enjoys the genuine ſweets of life.
Here Health and Freedom all their charms diſplay,
And Independence gilds the happy day.
The neighbouring gueſts true ſocial joys afford,
And Plenty decks the hoſpitable board:
Whilſt books of taſte th' autumnal morning cheer,
And ſummer's longeſt days too ſhort appear.

Oct. 1779.

§§ To Christopher Ansty, Eſq;

The ſuppoſed Author of Envy, a Poem.

Impromptu.

AS oft, in play or in a fright,
Boys thruſt their faces out of ſight;
Conceal their heads behind a ſcreen,
And fancy nothing elſe is ſeen;

Tho'

Tho' they their legs and rump expoſe,
And thus their lurking-place diſcloſe:
So A—ſty, wrapt in claſſic * veil,
His comic genius would conceal:
But ſtrokes of humour force their way,
And ſoon the New Bath-Guide betray.
The ſtifled laugh, and ſly grimace,
Appear beneath the ſerious face.
Nay, tho' he draws ſo droll a liſt
Of merry Bards as ever p-ſt;
And hardly lets himſelf appear,
But juſt ſqueez'd in amongſt the rear;
What thus his modeſty conceals,
That modeſty itſelf reveals.

* Imitation of Ovid.

A LANDSCAPE,

Presented me by Mr. B—MPF—DE.

B—MPF—DE, to sooth his friend's romantic taste,
His piece with every rural beauty grac'd.
Thro' a deep vale, where wav'd the pendent wood,
A winding rivulet roll'd it's azure flood,
Whose verdant banks the drooping willows shade;
Its antique arch a distant bridge display'd.
Beneath an oak a shepherd tun'd his reed,
Whilst harmless flocks in peaceful pastures feed.
The deepening groves in rich perspective rise,
Till the blue hills unite with distant skies.
He adds each charm, which Fancy could impart,
Or Nature yield, without the aid of Art:
Yet B—mpf—de's utmost skill could do no more,
Than paint Stourhead ere yet enrich'd by H—re!

The

The Muses at Court.

Written ſoon after the Acceſſion of George III.

——Tuus jam regnat Apollo. Virg.

NO more of arms—Peace lifts her languid head,
To Stygian ſhades the * fiends of War are fled.
Each Art revives; each Beauty and each Grace;
And heroes brave to learned chiefs give place.
Reynolds his glowing tints on canvaſs blends,
With nobler taſte each ſtately dome aſcends.
From ſhades, and ſolitudes, and country air,
The penſive Muſes now to Court repair:
The tuneful Maids attend their laureat, Wh——d;
You'll ſee them ſoon full royally requited,
Each Muſe a Counteſs, and Apollo knighted.

* The Furies.

On the celebrated Miſs —— ——.

WHILST Julia's mental charms I ſtrove to paint;
Her wit and ſenſe, the virtues of a ſaint,
Were ſtill the boaſted ſubject of my lays;
And beauty but her ſecondary praiſe:
A foil, forſooth, to ſhew her mind more bright,
And place her virtues in the faireſt light.
Thus ſlightly ſketching each external grace,
Love archly ſmil'd, and mock'd the vile grimace:
" Her virtue, ſenſe, and wit are great, I grant you,
" But more ſubſtantial beauties here enchant you:
" He that can view that face, and ſhape, and air;
" (Like Hebe blooming, and like Venus fair),
" And ſtill purſue the dull, Platonic plan;
" Muſt certainly be more—or leſs than man."

SONNET.

SONNET.

I.

FAREWELL, ſweet maid, a long farewell!
I'll baniſh from your eyes
A wretch, who muſt no longer dwell
Where all his treaſure lies.

II.

My hopes ſome cruel fate beguiles;
Nor can my torments ceaſe;
Whilſt both alike your frowns and ſmiles
Bereave me of my peace.

III.

Your anger tho' I deem'd a curſe;
Your frowns but made me ſad:
Yet, now you're pleas'd—'tis ten times worſe,
Your ſmiles will drive me mad.

On the Death of MIRANDA,

An enormous Letter-writer.

MOURN, all ye nymphs! Miranda is no more:
Miranda's fate let abſent friends deplore;
For well ſhe knew ſweet Friendſhip's ſacred laws,
Nor ſpar'd her time nor paper in its cauſe.
To abſent friends the ſentimental maid
By every poſt her fondeſt vows convey'd:
From eaſt to weſt each correſponding friend
Fail'd not, each poſt, her fondeſt vows to ſend.

But now no more th' important ſcroll is ſent,
Her friends in tears their ſcribbling friend lament.
But none more truly weep Miranda loſt,
Than thoſe ſad wights, who *farm* the General Poſt.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

NATURE

OF THE

EPIGRAM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Essay having some years since been boldly transcribed from the Festoon, by a young literary Adventurer; and a silver medal adjudged to the Plagiary (as the supposed Author) by the proprietors of a periodical work; the Editor of this Volume has made bold to reclaim his property (such as it is) and to reprint it in this manner: especially as it endeavours to establish a principle—which may seem necessary to vindicate the claim of some pieces in the foregoing Collection to the appellation of Epigrams.

AN

AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE OF THE EPIGRAM.

ETYMOLOGY, though it diſcovers to us the original meaning of a word, yet it ſeldom gives us a true idea of the popular uſe of it. The word Epigram, however, in its preſent acceptation, differs but little from the ſenſe in which it was uſed by the ancient Greek writers. It ſignifies, properly, an *inſcription*; and was applied by them to thoſe ſhort, and, frequently, poetical inſcriptions, made uſe of

upon

upon tombs or ſtatues, temples, trophies, or other public ſtructures, ſacred to their Gods or to their Heroes. Brevity, therefore, and ſimplicity, were eſſential properties in theſe inſcriptions; not only on account of their public ſituation, but from a principle of convenience, on account of the hardneſs of the materials (braſs or marble) on which they were uſually engraved.

This ſimplicity is obſervable in many of the moſt ancient Greek epigrams, which are preſerved to us in their Anthologies, or collections, made by the ancient grammarians: And appeared ſo inſipid to the French poet *Malherbe*, that, upon taſting ſome *ſoup maigre* at a nobleman's table, he whiſpered to a friend, who was a great admirer of the Greek ſimplicity: "Voilà' la potage à la Greque, s'il en fut "jamais!" 'This is ſoup in the Greek taſte 'with a vengeance!' which was afterwards applied proverbially, amongſt the French critics,

to

to any taſteleſs performance, either in verſe or proſe.

But, though the moderns have ſufficiently departed from this primitive ſimplicity in their compoſitions of this kind, yet the definition of a true epigram will always be the ſame: "That it is a ſhort poem, exhibiting one ſingle "view of any ſubject, expreſſed in a conciſe "and concluded in a forcible manner."

According to this definition, though ſome ſtriking thought, or poignancy of expreſſion, is neceſſary to conſtitute an epigram, yet thoſe forced conceits, ſtudied points, or what are now called the epigrammatic turns,—ſeem by no means eſſential to it:—Nay, unleſs they ariſe naturally from the ſubject, they are conſidered, by the beſt critics, as vicious excreſcences, or, rather, as ridiculous affectations.

And, indeed, the rules which are laid down for good writing in general, are equally applicable to a complete performance of this kind.

Truth

Truth is the basis of all wit: No thought can be beautiful that is not just. No ambiguity therefore, jingle of words, forced conceit, or outrageous hyperbole, are, *strictly speaking*, any more compatible with the perfection of this, than with that of any other species of poetry:

> "*Truth must prevail and regulate our diction,*
> "*In all we write; nay, must give laws to fiction.*"

The difficulty of writing a perfect epigram, indeed, appeared so considerable, to a great wit of the last age, that he did not scruple to declare (ridiculously enough) "that it was as "difficult a performance as an epic poem." All that could really be meant by such an assertion, however, is, that an epigram must be as perfect in its kind as the "Iliad," or "the "Paradise Lost." An epic poem comprehends but one intire action; an epigram but one principal thought: The same unity of design, the

same

ſame regular diſpoſition of parts, the ſame tendency to one point, are required in a complete epigram as in an epic poem.

But however, though there is, ſtrictly ſpeaking, but one ſpecies of true wit; and that muſt be eſteemed the moſt perfect kind of epigrams, where ſimplicity and juſtneſs of thought prevail; yet it muſt be granted likewiſe, that there are many (perhaps the greateſt number of epigrams both ancient and modern) which give us great pleaſure upon leſs rigid principles. And, unleſs the majority of readers could be ſuppoſed to conſiſt of philoſophers and critics, we ſhall never prevail upon every man, that is capable of writing an epigram, to confine himſelf to the ſevere rules eſtabliſhed by Bouhours, Addiſon, H—d, or Boileau. Beſides, it is in vain to argue againſt the ſenſations of mankind: A ſtriking antitheſis, an happy alluſion, an humorous expreſſion, or even a pleaſant ambiguity, will ſtrike us with

an

an agreeable ſurpriſe, and extort a laugh from the moſt rigid advocate for propriety and truth. On a grave or moral ſubject, indeed, the leaſt appearance of levity, or tendency to a pun or jingle, may be as offenſive as the intruſion of an impertinent wag in the midſt of a ſerious or friendly converſation: But, upon leſs ſolemn occaſions, that ſtrict ſeverity may admit of ſome relaxation.

The modern critics * have been equally puzzled to account for Tully's approbation, and Plutarch's cenſure, of a celebrated witticiſm in an ancient Greek hiſtorian; who accounts for the burning the temple of Diana, on the night that Alexander was born, by ſuppoſing that the goddeſs was engaged in her obſtetric capacity, at the birth of ſo great an hero. This Tully, as that kind of falſe wit was not intirely exploded in his age, applauds as an ingenious conceit. Plutarch, on the other

* Vide Pearce's Longinus, p. 18, and Cic. de Nat. Deor. L 2.

hand, condemns it with the utmoſt ſeverity: But, what is remarkable, he has himſelf been guilty of a mere quibble, whilſt he was ridiculing the hiſtorian's puerility; and ſays, that ſo "*frigid* a conceit" was enough of itſelf to *extinguiſh* the *fire* which he deſcribes.

Now, all that can be ſaid for Plutarch, is, that, in order to expreſs his contempt of the author whom he cenſures, he treats him in his own way, and gives him pun for pun. And this, I think, will explain in what caſes this ſpecies of falſe wit is allowable: When we would expoſe any folly, impertinence, or affectation, perhaps we cannot do it in too ludicrous terms, as, the leſs ſtudied our wit appears, the more expreſſive it is of our contempt: It is like treating a man with the diſcipline of the cane or horſe-whip, whom we think beneath our reſentment at the more ſerious weapons of ſword or piſtol.

I ſpeak this of the loweſt kind of ambiguity,

or

or falſe wit, which is but one remove from a pun or quibble: But there is another ſpecies, which I cannot think inconſiſtent with our notions of true wit; I mean, when a word is applied to two different things, in two different ſenſes; in both of which it is true; that is, in the figurative and in the literal acceptation.

I might produce numberleſs examples from the modern poets; but ſhall take one even from a Greek epigram, as a more venerable authority:

Εἰς ἰατρὸν κλέπτην.

Φαρμακίῃσι Ῥόδων λέπραν καὶ χοιράδας αἴρει,
Τ' ἄλλα δὲ πάντ' αἴρει καὶ δίχα φαρμακιῶν.

On a pilfering Quack.

"*Celſus* takes off, *by dint of ſkill,*
"*Each bodily diſaſter:*
"*But* takes off *ſpoons, without a pill;*
"*Your plate without a plaiſter.*"

Now, it *may* be as true, in the literal ſenſe, that *ſuch* a doctor *takes off* ſpoons, as that his phyſic, in a figurative ſenſe, *takes off* a fever: And this forms an antitheſis, or oppoſition, which gives the reader both *delight* and *ſurpriſe*, agreeably to the definition of one ſpecies of wit. Nay, further, as this ſort of ambiguity will generally ſtand Mr. Addiſon's teſt, of being tranſlated into different languages, I cannot but think it an happineſs of expreſſion in theſe more ludicrous performances; for no one can imagine I would plead for any indulgence of this kind, in any ſerious or tender compoſition, even of the leſſer branches of poetry.

Yet a great French critic finds nothing to ſhock his underſtanding in the following compliment of an old French poet to Mary de Medicis:

"*Feed on, my flocks, feed void of care;*
"*Tho' you ſhould eat the meadows bare,*
"*Maria comes; and, where ſhe treads,*
"*Freſh flow'rs, luxuriant, paint the meads.*"

" According to the fabulous ſyſtem, ſays he, " flowers ſpring up beneath the feet of god- " deſſes and heroines; and therefore, though " the fact be falſe, yet it is a falſhood ſo well " eſtabliſhed, as to have the air of truth." But certainly nothing can be more ridiculous, than to *argue* thus from the figurative to the literal ſenſe of the words; and the poor flocks would be in bad plight, that ſhould have nothing to feed upon but theſe ideal paſtures and metaphorical flowers.—In ſhort, in any ludicrous performance, this ſpecies of falſe wit may be conſidered as counters at cards, which ſerve well enough to play with, whilſt they are paſſed as ſuch; but a man that ſhould put off a counter in ſerious traffic, or a pun in a ſerious diſcourſe, would be conſidered as a cheat in one caſe, and be thoroughly ridiculous in the other*.

* See this point accurately diſcuſſed in Mr. Hurd's admirable notes on the Epiſt. to Auguſtus, p. 61.

There

There is another ſource of humour, upon which the whole merit of many modern epigrams depends; which is their alluding either to ſome well-known proverb, or to ſome celebrated paſſage, either in hiſtory or ancient mythology; or, what is too common, even to ſome text of the Sacred writings. Theſe ſorts of alluſions give the reader the ſame agreeable ſurpriſe as the lucky application of a motto from an ancient claſſic.

How far the laſt kind of alluſions are defenſible, I will not preſume to determine: However, where no religious opinion is ridiculed, or prophanely applied, the mere antique phraſe, though it is often ſtupidly, yet may perhaps be innocently enough introduced.

Thus, for inſtance, when Mr. Pope, the moſt decent poet of any age, ſpeaks of thoſe wretched votaries of dulneſs, who, for the precarious reward of literary fame, undergo the auſterities of martyrs and confeſſors; he ſays, in alluſion to one of the beatitudes,

"*Who hunger and who thirſt—for ſcribbling ſake.*"

Here, though he makes free with the Scripture-expreſſion, yet he is ſo far from ridiculing the *doctrine* contained in it, that he rather ſuppoſes our obligation to do that "for *righteouſ-* "*neſs*' ſake," which theſe rhymers do for "*ſcribbling* ſake *."

But, as a witty divine † has denounced "God's judgment againſt punning," as well as againſt prophaneneſs, I would by no means plead for either; but only endeavour to account for the propenſity which many ſenſible and decent men have diſcovered to be pleaſed with levities of this ſort, by ſhewing, that there are ſome kinds of them not inconſiſtent either with true wit or genuine piety.

* "The ridicule in a Parody does not fall on the paſſage allu- "ded to, but on the perſon to whom it is applied;" as is very ingeniouſly obſerved in a note on ver. 405, b. ii. of the later editions of the Dunciad.

† Swift.

As

As to the *length* of an epigram, a great French critic ſeems to limit it to a diſtich, or two lines; as ſome Dutch poets have extended it to as many pages. The modern practice, however, for which the authority of * Martial might in many epigrams be pleaded, ſeems to have determined, That, provided one principal thought be uniformly purſued to a point through the whole, a poem of any *reaſonable* length may be conſidered as an epigram. On this account, at leaſt, I have ventured to inſert two or three copies of a more than Belgic prolixity, where one thought prevails through the whole—as I have rejected others chiefly for the want of that ſimplicity.

A ſmoothneſs of verſification ſeems ſo neceſſary in theſe ſmaller compoſitions, that I am almoſt inclined to apply ſeriouſly Prior's ironical conceſſion,

* He has one, upon the "Villa Fauſtini," of 42 lines—and many of 30 and upwards.

That " rhyme with reason may dispense,
" And sound has right to govern sense."

At least the best sense, and most witty conceit in the world, will give little pleasure if disfigured by bad rhymes, or by the dissonance of unmusical versification. In larger works some little roughness or inequality may be more pardonable; but, in these diminutive pieces, the least inaccuracy, like a flaw in a diamond, intirely destroys its value.

An essay upon song-writing, published in the Guardian, makes the whole difference between a song and an epigram to consist in the subject only: That an epigram is usually employed upon satyrical occasions; and that the business of the song is chiefly to express

" Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine."

But, if I might venture to differ from so distinguished a writer, I should rather say, That, whatever

whatever the ſubject be, *tenderneſs* of *ſentiment* and an impaſſioned expreſſion are eſſential to a ſong; as the uſually narrative ſtyle of an epigram ſeems incompatible with the ſoft raptures of muſic. How ridiculous muſt it be to hear a Frenchman quavering out

> " *Tu parles mal par tout de moy,*
> " *Je dis du bien par tout de toy.*"
>
> ' *Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,*
> ' *I ſpeak always well of thee.*'

Which tranſlation of an epigram from Buchanan *, was a favourite ſong in France: As, on the contrary, the tender ſentiments and plaintive ſtyle of a lover appear inconſiſtent with the ſtudied turns of an epigram—for

> " *Who can chuſe but pity*
> " *A dying ſwain ſo miſerably witty?*"

* Imitated from the Greek.

If we inquire, at laſt, into the utility of the epigram, I ſhould think it ſufficient to ſay of this, as of poetry in general, that it is at leaſt an innocent amuſement to young people; and perhaps they might receive the ſame advantage to their ſtyle in writing, and to their manner of expreſſing themſelves in converſation, from being accuſtomed to the force and conciſeneſs peculiar to an epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reaſoning, from the cloſe method of argumentation eſſential to mathematical writings.

But further; I think an epigram may be conſidered, according to the moſt general diviſion, either as a ſatire in miniature, or as a panegyric in epitome; and may, like thoſe more important branches of poetry, be employed to encourage the practice of virtue by applauſe, or deter from vice by cenſure and ridicule: And, as many of them contain ſome precept of morality, recommended to the fancy

by a concise spirited manner of expression, they are easily learned in our youth, and usually retained for life.

If we may judge, however, from the practice of Martial, and the best writers of epigram, it seems to be its chief province to regulate the "petits mœurs," the little decencies of behaviour; and to ridicule affectation, vanity, and impertinence, and other offences against good-sense and good-breeding. But we should always remember, that both this, and every other species of raillery, ought itself to be regulated by the strictest rules of humanity and benevolence. No natural defect, or unavoidable infirmity, ought on any account to be exposed; much less should any thing sacred, or truly laudable, be made the object of our ridicule: For every poet should be able to say, with Mr. Pope,

"*Curs'd*

" Curs'd be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one worthy man my foe;
" Give virtue ſcandal, innocence a fear,
" Or from the ſoft-ey'd virgin ſteal a tear."

Yet we may certainly exempt, from this general rule, ſuch harmleſs ſallies of wit, upon thoſe peculiarities of temper, or even upon thoſe oddities of perſon, where the ſubject of our raillery may himſelf join in the laugh; as, I dare ſay, the plump gentleman did, who was pointed out in this well-known diſtich:

" When Tadloe *treads the ſtreets, the paviors cry,*
" God bleſs you, Sir, and lay their rammers by."

PART

PART III.

HUMOROUS.

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HUMOROUS.

*THE RURAL DEITIES;

OR,

THE NEW-BATH-RIDE.

——" Sunt ruſtica numina, nymphæ." OVID.

WHEN Verſe, which once as pine-apple was rare,
Is now grown common as the Cath'rine pear;
When quacks their noſtrums puff in ſofter lays
Than Waller tun'd to Sacharissa's praiſe;
And 'prentices in melting notes complain,
Of Betſy's frown, or Sukey's cold diſdain;

* Though this Poem was ſketched out in a ſingle morning (for an *intended* periodical work of a young man lately entered into the trade) yet as it contains nothing which, the Author flatters himſelf, can give offence to any one, he has ventured to inſert it.

Shall

Shall Bath alone ſtill echo darts and flames,
And no kind Muſe record our *country* dames?

Beauty, of old, inſpir'd the amorous ſwain,
Who ſung her triumphs to the liſtening plain;
Shall charms, like yours, for ever bloom unſung,
And hear no praiſe, but from a parent's tongue;
Or, doom'd at home to pall an huſband's eye,
Like roſes, in a deſart, bloom and die?

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, or young or old,
Would'ſt thou, enraptur'd, Nature's charms behold,
With genuine tints and unbought treſſes gay,
Un-painted and un-periwig'd ſurvey?
On Pegaſus, come, take your morning's *ride*,
I'll lead the way—tho' not a * New-Bath-Guide.
At Bath let M——n chaſe the tripping fawn,
We'll trace th' out-lying deer o'er hill and lawn.

* That is, Not an A—ſty. Hominis verecundiam!

Bath-

Bath-Eaſton groves the Muſe with awe ſurveys,
Nor dares t' aſpire where M—ll—r holds the bays.
The prize of Wit or Beauty who can claim,
That ſees her judge the rival of her fame?

Yet, as by Avon's honour'd banks we paſs,
I view, methinks, a modeſt, ſmiling laſs,
Who lives retir'd, unconſcious of her charms,
Nor dares to quit her Mama's ſheltering arms;
Yet ſoon of public praiſe ſhe'll claim her ſhare,
And ſhine amidſt the faireſt of the fair!

Haſte then, my Muſe, to Balks and Aſhley-green,
Where, haply, many a Beauty lurks unſeen.
A dow'ger there, who boaſts no vulgar charms,
Diſdains to bleſs a ſecond huſband's arms;
Content the calmer joys of life to ſhare,
Nor change for Love the tender Mother's care.
Could we to P—kw—k Lodge our jaunt extend,
To C—ſh—m, M—nks—(But where then ſhall we
end?)

I'd ſhew you Venus' ſelf in ſuch diſguiſe,
As Goddeſſes aſſume to mortal eyes.

But quit the duſty road—To yon fair pile,
O'er verdant meads we'll deviate one ſhort mile.
There dwell three Nymphs, not void of charms or ſenſe,
Nor, what we Bards more need, the ſterling pence;
Free, friendly girls; and, ſhould you ſeek a wife,
There chuſe a partner—and a friend for life.

Would you regale in luxury complete,
Where Taſte, Good-ſenſe, and Beauty give the treat?
To H-mpt—n paſs; where, if you pleaſe, we'll call in,
And greet the lovely, virtuous Widow A———n.
Nor yet are virgin charms at H—mpt—n wanting,
Of power to ſet the Curate's heart to panting.
What time the labouring hind had hous'd his barley,
Some ſeaſons paſt, I took a ride to W—rl—y.
But where's the Nymph, who then beneath the ſhade
Of yon' tall elms her rural charms diſplay'd?

The

The virgin ſmile, the ſweet ſeraphic mien,
No longer now the property of Sk—ne;
Yet in thoſe eyes we ſee remaining St—ll,
(More bright *un-ſcreen'd)* the pow'r, tho' not the will,
To make new conqueſts, captivate, and kill.

O'er hill and dale to Br—dford we might ride,
But that, perhaps, you'll think lies ſomething wide,
And Beauties there in crowds their luſtre hide.

To M—df—rd Lodge then we'll direct our eye,
Where R—b—ck's tow'ring manſion braves the ſky.
Arcadian ſcenes! there R—b—ck with ſome taſte,
But more with Sylvia's charms, his woods has grac'd.
Tho' rais'd to affluence from an humbler ſphere,
She, void of pride, from affectation clear,
When Youth recedes, and Prudence bears the ſway,
And to domeſtic joys gay ſcenes give way,
She'll manage wiſely her allotted ſtore,
And prove a bleſſing to the * neighbouring poor.

* Said to be really the caſe.

What man of taſte but oft has view'd Comb-Grove,
Delightful ſcene of Solitude and Love?
The various charms which other Beauties ſhare,
Are there united in a ſingle H—re.

On W—dcomb Hill, beneath yon ſhady limes,
A worthy financier, theſe dangerous times,
His *treaſure* hides: yet oft', like me or you,
The paſſing ſwain enjoys a tranſient view;
And, tho' provided with a mate for life,
Envies his happier neighbour *ſuch* a wife.

Gay birds of paſſage, in rich plumage dreſs'd,
From W—dcomb Houſe mine eyes have ſometimes bleſs'd;
But ere the lovely ſtrangers could be known,
Tho' here to-day, to-morrow they were flown.
Yet Pl—ſted there not undelighted roves,
Tho' wont to range o'er Hagley's honour'd groves;
And not far thence, if other Nymphs ſhould fail ye,
You'll find a decent toaſt in good Miſs B——y.

Hail,

Hail, Pr—r-Park!—But, Muſe, thy diſtance keep,
Or o'er that much-lov'd ſeat * of Genius weep:
Within whoſe ſtately dome, and verdant bow'rs,
All-n with Pope enjoy'd the vacant hours:
There Worth or Want a friend were ſure to find,
There All-n dwelt—the friend of human kind.
Tho' Beauty ſtill, 'tis ſaid, there lives retir'd,
And needs but to be ſeen, to be admir'd;
Yet think not W—b—t—n and beauteous M—ll—t
Fit ſubjects to adorn thy humble ballad.

But who is ſhe, that glitters thro' the grove,
With fair † Chioſk adorn'd or gay alcove.
Young Gr—nv—lle ſhe; in whoſe expreſſive mien
The Gr—lle's wit and B—nks's charms are ſeen.
But Gr—lle's charms (for ſee ſhe's on the wing)
Some Creſcent bard in loftier ſtrains ſhall ſing.

* The reſidence of the great Mr. Allen, much frequented by Pope, Warburton, Hurd, Brown, &c. all men of true genius in their different ways.

† A Turkiſh ſummer-houſe of Mr. Gr—lle's, late Ambaſſador at Conſtantinople, who has alſo an houſe in the Creſcent.

While young Aurelia roves to diſtant plains,
O'er N—t—n Park what gloomy ſilence reigns!
Ne'er may the Nymph, to her true intereſt blind,
Let vain Ambition taint her tender mind!
But ſome fond youth of equal rank approve,
Whoſe virtues may engage, and crown her love.

For once a wealthy heireſs thus expreſs'd
The wild effuſions of a youthful breaſt;
" Give me a Coronet, ye Gods!" ſhe cries;
" And let an handſome Viſcount be my prize;
" One that will ſay *ſoft* things, and dreſs, and dance;
" And as for happineſs—I'll take my chance."

But ah! of rural Nymphs the numerous tribe,
What tongue can utter, or what pen deſcribe?
For yet unſung full many a lovely maid,
Sweet, modeſt damſels bluſhing ſeek the ſhade;
Yet haply born in brighter ſpheres to ſhine,
And ſoon embelliſh nobler ſtrains than mine.

But ſhould no abler Bard the office claim,
To chaunt your beauties and record your fame,
If life remains, fair maids, till eighty-one,
Send in your names—your buſineſs ſhall be done.

24 Aug. 1779.

** Rhymes on Chance.

I.

WHEN Delia's eyes transfix'd my heart
With one reſiſtleſs glance,
'Twas Love himſelf that aim'd the dart,
Tho' mortals call it Chance.

II.

'Twas at the fatal birth-night ball
I ſaw her lead the dance;
(Long deaf to youth and beauty's call,
I thither ſtroll'd by Chance.)

III.

I ſaw her, like the Queen of love,
With graceful ſtep advance;
She ſeem'd a partner fit for Jove,
Had Jove been there by Chance.

IV.

No hireling Nymph that treads the ſtage,
From Italy or France,
Could thus my raptur'd ſight engage,
As Delia did by Chance.

V.

The ſtars that in ſuch order move,
Amidſt Heav'n's wide expanſe,
Match'd with the motions of my Love,
Might ſeem the work of Chance.

VI.

As, when the ſpur is in his ſide,
The fiery ſteed will prance,
I ſtruggled long my love to hide;
But who can ſtrive with Chance?

VII.

With wonder as I ſtood amaz'd,
Methought ſhe look'd aſkance,
And ſmil'd upon me as I gaz'd;
But ah! 'twas all by Chance.

VIII.

To raiſe my ſpirits, I retir'd,
And took a dram of Nantz;
But oh! I found my breaſt more fir'd—
'Twere better truſt to Chance.

IX.

As to and fro' I ſtroll'd about,
Wrapt up in amorous trance,
I trip'd and fell :: The nymph, no doubt,
But ſmil'd at my miſ-Chance.

X.

Whilſt thus I languiſh and look ſad,
Like Hero in Romance,
You, lovely Delia, think me mad,
Nor pity me, per-Chance.

XI.

Yet, for your ſake, with any Knight
That dares, I'll break a lance—
And if I periſh in the fight,
Why—let me take my Chance.

XII. Would

XII.

Would Delia but my wiſhes crown,
Nought could my bliſs enhance,
Content for life, I'd ſit me down
And bleſs this lucky Chance.

** The CASTLE-BUILDERS.

CRITICS avaunt! I hate you all,
Dread foes to men poetical!
Who'd ſubject to your rigid laws
The gay productions of the * Vaſe?
Untaught, rude creatures! ev'n to ſpare
Th' amuſements of the young and fair;
Who violate the ſacred rights,
And rudely check th' adventurous flights
Of heaven-born Fancy: proud to ſoar,
And unknown ſcenes of bliſs explore

* The Tuſculan Vaſe at B-th-caſton.

In

In fairy land; beyond the ken
Or dull conceit of mortal men.
Which you, base, earth-born sons of care,
Call "building castles" in the air.

Inspir'd from the Castalian spring,
Behold the Muse expands her wing,
With Fancy takes her bold career,
Beyond this low, diurnal sphere!
Her plastic powers she now employs,
And revels in ideal joys.
Bright fairy visions charm the sight,
And glittering structures spring to light,
"Thro' groves and flowery lawns we stray;
See Nymphs and Satyrs round us play:
On beds of moss supinely laid,
We listen to the wild cascade:
Or seated in some gay alcove,
Quaff nectar with the Queen of love."

Thus

Thus ſung Philander, mounted high
In airy garret near the ſky.
When hark! a voice, than fife more clear,
Of milk-woman * invades his ear:
Who with rude heel aſſaults his door,
And ſternly ſhews the weekly ſcore.

Not paler looks th' affrighted bard
(With conſcious imperfections ſcar'd)
When *monthly Critic* fierce aſſaults
His laſt new work, and marks its faults.
To Genius leſs unfriendly he,
Than chilling blaſts of Poverty.

Beſhrew the hag! whoſe ſordid claim
Thus 'wakes th' enthuſiaſt from his dream:
Robs him of wealth the Muſe had given;
And drags him down to earth from heaven:
Diſſolves each charm, each viſion fair,
And all his *Caſtles built* in Air.

* See Hogarth's Diſtreſs'd Poet.

* * On the Uſe and Abuſe of CARDS.

EXALT, my Muſe, on towering wing,
The meaneſt of thy Bards!
Grant him in loftieſt ſtrains to ſing
The ſovereign power of Cards!

Cards! that enchant both young and old,
And aid blind Fortune's plan,
To realize her dreams of gold,
And ſhower them down on man.

Cards! that, like Death or Love, unite
Around the feſtive board
All ranks: Where ſit in dumb delight
The beggar and the Lord.

When

When wintry fogs deform the year,
And Sol withdraws his ray,
What Nymph the lengthen'd night could bear,
Or live one tedious day?

But lo! the verdant carpet's ſpread,
The cryſtal luſtres ſhine:
Chlorinda lifts her drooping head,
Freſh joys her charms refine.

Quadrille's the word—with myſtic rite
Spadille begins the charm:
The painted ranks purſue the fight,
And gloomy Spleen diſarm.

More nimbly now the minutes fly;
The Winter Night's too ſhort:
Aurora gilds the orient ſky,
A witneſs to their ſport.

Yet Prudence bids them " mark the bound
'Twixt Idleneſs and Play:
Nor let amuſement thus confound
The buſineſs of the day.

" Nor yet too eagerly engage
Your paſſions in the cauſe;
Nor violate, with brutal rage,
Fair Virtue's decent laws.

" Nor let baſe Av'rice interfere
Your pleaſures to controul:
Nor yet more boiſterous tumults tear
The tender female ſoul.

" Nor be thoſe features, where each Grace,
Each heavenly air ſhould dwell,
Diſtorted to a Gorgon's face;
Or Fury's, hot from hell!

" No;

"No; rather give your girls and boys,
When good, these cheap rewards;
And let them, 'midst their childish toys,
Build houses with your Cards."

Jan. 1779.

The SHEPHERD and the KID;

A FABLE, from the French.

Nihil recte fiat ab irato.

FREED from stern Winter's icy chain,
The Zephyrs wanton o'er the plain,
Attended by the flowery spring:
The groves with thrilling concerts ring.
Tender the grass, the sky serene,
The whitening flocks spread o'er the green.
Nature revives; the gladsome day
Invites a wanton Kid to stray;

Around the diſtant meads and groves,
Far from the flock, ſhe thoughtleſs roves.

The Shepherd ſoon th' elopement knew,
Starts forth the ſtraggler to purſue:
Fatigu'd, at length the angry ſwain
Brings back the fugitive again.
Enrag'd he throws her on the ground,
With many a ſtripe, and many a wound;
'Till the ſad victim of his ire
Stretch'd at his feet he ſees expire.

He ſtops—his heart with anguiſh bleeds;
Repentance to his rage ſucceeds.
Good Gods! the frantic Shepherd cries,
What have I done?—Poor Kid! ſhe dies.
Ah! wretch, too late thy loſs deplore;
Remorſe is vain; thy Kid's no more.

Learn hence thoſe tranſports to ſuppreſs,
That ſpring from Anger's dire exceſs:

The

The rising gusts in time controul,
That raise a tempest in the soul;
Or soon you'll mourn your want of care,
Stung with remorse and black despair.

§§ The Pepper-box and Salt-cellar,

A Fable.

To Mr. Shenstone.

THE 'Squire had din'd alone one day,
And Tom was call'd to take away.
Tom clear'd the board with dextrous art:
But, willing to secure a tart,
The liquorish youth had made an halt:
And left the Pepper-box and Salt
Alone upon the marble table:
Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble.

Pepper began: "Pray, Sir, says he,
What business have you here with me?

Is't fit, that ſpices of *my* birth
Should rank with thee, thou *ſcum of earth?*
I'd have you know, Sir, I've a ſpirit
Suited to my ſuperior merit.

Tho' now, confin'd within this caſtre,
I ſerve a northern, Gothic maſter,
Yet, born in Java's fragrant wood,
To warm an eaſtern monarch's blood,
The Sun thoſe rich perfections gave me,
Which tempted Dutchmen to enſlave me.

Nor are my virtues *here* unknown,
Tho' old and wrinkled now I'm grown:
Black as I am, the faireſt maid
Invokes my ſtimulating aid,
To give her food the poignant flavour,
And to each ſauce its proper ſavour:
Paſties, ragouts, and fricaſſees,
Without my ſeaſoning, fail to pleaſe:

'Tis

'Tis I, like wit, muſt give a zeſt
And ſprightlineſs to every feaſt.

Phyſicians too my uſe confeſs;
My influence ſageſt matrons bleſs.
When drams prove vain, and colics teaze,
To me they fly for certain eaſe:
Nay, I freſh vigour can diſpenſe,
And cure ev'n age and impotence:
And when of dulneſs wits complain,
I brace the nerves and clear the brain.

But to the 'Squire here I appeal—
He knows my real value well;
Who, with one Pepper-corn content,
Remits the vaſſal's annual rent.

Hence then, Sir Brine, and keep your diſtance!
Go, lend the ſcullion your aſſiſtance:
For culinary uſes fit,
To ſalt the beef upon the ſpit;

Or juſt to keep our meat from ſtinking—
And then—a ſpecial friend to drinking."

"Your folly moves me with ſurpriſe,
(The ſilver tripod thus replies)
Pray, maſter Pepper, why ſo hot?
Firſt couſin to the muſtard-pot!

What boots it how our life began?
'Tis *breeding* makes the gentleman.
Yet, would you ſearch *my* pedigree,
I roſe, like Venus, from the ſea:
The Sun, whoſe influence you boaſt,
Nurs'd me upon the Britiſh coaſt.

The chymiſts know my rank and place,
When Nature's principles they trace:
And wiſeſt moderns yield to me
The elemental monarchy.
By me all nature is ſupply'd
With all her beauty, all her pride:

In vegetation I aſcend ;
To animals their vigour lend :
Corruption's foe, I life preſerve ;
And ſtimulate each ſlacken'd nerve.
I give jonquils their high perfume ;
The peach its flavour, roſe its bloom :
Nay, I'm the cauſe, when rightly trac'd,
Of Pepper's aromatic taſte.

Such claims *you* teach me to produce—
But, need I plead my obvious uſe,
In ſeaſoning all terreſtrial food,
When Heav'n declares, that Salt is good ?

Grant then ſome few *thy* virtues find,
Yet Salt gives health to all mankind.
Phyſicians, ſure, will ſide with me,
When Cooks alone ſhall plead for thee.
In ſhort, with all thine airs about thee,
The world were happier far without thee."

The 'Squire, who all this time ſate mute,
Now put an end to the diſpute.
He rung the bell—bade Tom convey
The doughty diſputants away.

The Salt, refreſh'd and ſhaken up,
At night did with his maſter ſup.
The Pepper, Tom aſſign'd his lot
With Vinegar and Muſtard-pot.
A fop, with *bites* and *ſharpers* join'd,
And to the ſideboard well confin'd.

MORAL.

Thus real genius is reſpected;
Conceit and folly thus neglected.
And, O my Shenſtone! let the vain,
With miſbecoming pride, explain
Their ſplendor, influence, wealth, or birth;
'Tis virtue makes the man of worth.

1755.

To Dr. H——N, of Bath,

In the name of his three Sons at School.

DEAR Papa, we receiv'd your facetious * epiſtle,
Which runs into rhyme as clean as a whiſtle;
We alſo receiv'd your right bountiful gift,
By our little pad-nag and † Jonathan Swift!
We gallop'd poor Taff up and down in the garden:
But as for our money—we ſhan't ſave a fardin:
For things are ſo dear, and our cakes are ſo ſmall,
Let us do what we can, we ſhall ſoon ſpend it all.
Mrs. B—— made ſome pies, and quite fill'd her oven;
But gave me the leſs for being a ſloven.
She ſays, I'm good-natur'd; but thumps my round back,
To make me walk upright—She's fond of our Jack—
As for Harry, I believe, ſhe thinks *him* no fool:
Mr. B—— ſays he learns the beſt in the ſchool.

* In the ſame ſtyle. † The ſervant's name.

As for learning, indeed we drive all before us;
Read Virgil and Horace, and Martial and Florus.
The two firſt are fine—but perhaps I am partial,
For at preſent, methinks, I am fonder of Martial.

We ſhould not have ſhewn our maſter the letter;
But Mrs. B—— ſaw it, and ſaid we had better:
So ſhe carried it to him; and very ſoon after
We thought he'd have burſt his buttons with laughter.
He was very much pleas'd with every part;
But your joke on th' election, he ſays, is quite ſmart;
And with ſome alteration, he thinks, very ſoon
Will make a good figure in Fred'rick's * *Feſtoon*.

I am glad my dear Siſter's ſet right in the † head—
Give our love to Mama—But the bell rings to bed—
From your dutiful ſons—Jack, Harry, and Ned.

1766.

* A collection of Epigrams printed for him. † From a very bad head-ach.

** FIRE-SIDE;

OR,

The Comforts of a GOUTY-CHAIR.

To C. W. B—PF—DE, Esq.

COME, come, my friend, suppress your ire;
Contented, by a good coal fire,
Enjoy, whilst winter chills the air,
The comforts of your Gouty-Chair.

But, can my B—pf—de thus repine?
Whose Fancy, with a warmth divine,
And Pencil with consummate skill,
Can splendid scenes create at will?
Amidst the cheerless winter's snow,
Bid spring revive, or summer glow?
Regale himself with prospects fair,
Thus lolling in his Gouty-chair?

When

When Boreas ſends his legions out,
Blows hats and petticoats about:
And dreary ſnows or driving rains
Deform the hills or drench the plains:
Who'd wiſh to leave, this gloomy tide,
The comforts of a warm Fire-ſide;
Condemn'd to range the dirty ſtreets:
Where, ſtop'd by every fool one meets,
With chattering teeth we're forc'd to ſtay,
And hear the tidings of the day?
Or elſe, coop'd up in leathern chair,
To Coffee-houſe, or Rooms repair:
Where invalids are met together,
To fret—and analyze the weather.

But you, wrapt up in warm ſurtout
(Tho' ſometimes tickled with the Gout)
No change of time or ſeaſons know;
Defy the wind, the rain, the ſnow;
And 'midſt theſe foggy ſkies admire
The ſunſhine—of your parlour fire.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome female friend you get,
To paſs the morning at piquet;
Whoſe ſprightly air and pleaſing ſmile
The tedious hours till noon beguile.

Or, ſoaring on the wings of Fancy,
(More active than your couſin Nancy)
In thought you fly from place to place:
Enjoy the pleaſures of the chace,
Without fatigue; without th' expence
Of Coach, Machine, or Diligence,
You viſit camps; reviews attend;
Or, from theſe airy flights deſcend,
And ſip a jelly; read the news;
Or ſome fam'd author you peruſe,
Who ſoothes your ear with tuneful rhymes,
Or takes you back to ancient times;
The manners paints of former ages,
Of heroes, kings, or learned ſages.

Perhaps

Perhaps with ſpreading ſails you're hurl'd,
With Cook or Byron, round the world:
Who with romantic tales delight ye
Of ſprightly nymphs at Otaheitè;
(All tenderneſs, and all good-nature)
Or Patagonians high in ſtature;
Giants, aſtride on little ponies,
Enough to 'fright our Macaronies.

From the South Sea the ſcene now changes,
And brings you to the banks of Ganges;
Where, deck'd with Aſiatic pride,
Our Nabobs for a while reſide,
And then, like you, perhaps, retire
To *Gouty-chair*, and good coal-fire.

While thus your limbs then are confin'd,
You taſte true *freedom* in your mind;
And, tho' conſtraint you can abide ill,
Yet ſure you live by no means idle;

For,

For, tho' you cannot walk—you fly,
On Fancy's wings thus-borne on high:
And greater joys from Fancy flow,
Than real travellers ever know.

1778.

An HOBBY-HORSE for the GOUT.

Impromptu.

I'VE bought an horſe; a buſtling ſteed;
Who nimbly moves, yet makes no ſpeed:
Trots on; but, deaf to whip or ſpur,
Refuſes from his place to ſtir.
He never trips, nor ſtarts, nor ſtumbles;
Nor yet for want of corn e'er grumbles:
Nay, lives as hardy as an aſs;
And ſeldom taſtes ev'n hay or graſs.

And

And, as he's temperate in his diet,
Of courſe my ſteed's extremely quiet.
A lady or a child may ride him;
Tho' not ſo eaſily * beſtride him.

Come then, ye indolent and idle;
Come, mount my ſteed; you'll want no bridle:
And if you're not inclin'd to roam,
You'll find good exerciſe at home.
† Brown's ſtumbling ſteeds forbear to clamber,
And ſafely ride about my ‡ chamber.

* Being very ſquare built. † A livery ſtable. ‡ A chamber-horſe.

ANSWER

ANSWER to the TRIPLE-PLEA,

A common ſatyrical Print, on the Lawyers, Phyſicians, and Divines.

Written at an Inn.——Impromptu.

COULD all men live on herbs and roots,
And, naked, range the woods like brutes;
Were all men ſavages or ſages,
They'd ſave their cloaths and ſervants' wages:
Then taylors, coblers, brewers, bakers,
And barbers, builders, undertakers,
Parſons, doctors, lawyers, kings,
And all our *trades,* were uſeleſs things.
But, ſince the contrary is true,
And moſt men live like me and you;
Of all mankind ſince the condition
Quite contradicts our ſuppoſition;
Thy argument, like gun o'er-loaded,
Recoils, and proves what thou'ſt exploded.

And you who now, in ſmart expreſſions,
Thus ridicule the three profeſſions,
Muſt fee the doctor, pay the parſon;
Nay, help, perhaps, the lawyer's farce on;
Or loſe your right, be ſick, and die
Unpitied, and unburied lie;
Free from the dreaded inquiſition,
Of lawyer, parſon, and phyſician.

§§ LIBERTY in Danger.

On the Act againſt Swearing, 1747.

SINCE firſt the * Norman fix'd his ſtandard here,
Britons have claim'd a right—to curſe and ſwear.
In vain the preacher, with his milk-white hand,
Denounc'd d—mnation on a guilty land.
With "d—mn you, Jack," each friend his friend ſtill greets,
And "blood and thunder" echoes thro' our ſtreets.

* The Normans ſuppoſed to introduce this cuſtom.

But

But ſtronger ſanctions now our pulpits arm,
And mulcts and priſons the profane alarm:
The fear of hell, 'twas found, could nought avail;
But ev'n a Captain trembles at a jail.
The loſs of money, ſure, if not of ſoul,
Muſt ſtrike Vice dumb, and Blaſphemy controul.
Sailors themſelves henceforth ſhall grow more civil,
And dread * De Veil at leaſt, if not the Devil.

EPITAPH on a favourite Dog.

TRUE to his maſter, generous, brave;
His friend, companion; not his ſlave:
Fond without fawning; kind to thoſe
His maſter lov'd; but to *his* foes
A foe undaunted; whom no bribe
Could warp, to join the faithleſs tribe
Of curs, who *proſperous* friends careſs,
And baſely ſhun them in diſtreſs.

* An active Middleſex juſtice; predeceſſor to Henry Fielding, I think.

Whoe'er thou art, 'till thou canſt find
As true a friend amongſt mankind,
Grudge not the tribute of a tear,
To the poor dog that ſlumbers here,

A Card to HYMEN*.

HYMEN, Plutus, God of Love!
And all ye little powers above,
Who manage matters under Jove,
Come, lay aſide your † altercation,
And liſten to our invitation!
But tho' you all are courted by men,
Our preſent buſineſs is with Hymen.

Tho' Cupid, with his keeneſt darts,
Has lately pierc'd two tender hearts;

* To a worthy young friend on his approaching nuptials.

† See Gay's Fable.

And

And Plutus, in no ſcanty meaſure,
Has bleſs'd them from his golden treaſure;
And tho' all parties are agreed,
And matters decently proceed;
The Nymph no longer can reſtrain,
Th' impatience of th' enamour'd Swain.

Come, then, Hymen! haſte along,
With thy torch and nuptial ſong,
Thy ſaffron robe, and golden bands,
And quickly join the lovers' hands.

Ere another month be gone,
Laſh the lingering lawyers on!
Lovers ill can brook delay;
Lovers count each tedious day.

Let Flora from her * hot-houſe bring
The choiceſt fragrance of the ſpring,
And with niceſt taſte and care,
Weave a chaplet for the Fair.

* Written at Chriſtmas.

Let Juno's ſelf, in all her pride,
Attendant on the lovely Bride,
At the nuptial feaſt preſide:
Juno, tho' now ſtyl'd * nuptial dame,
† Lucina is her better name.
And, if auguries are not vain,
Our vows thou'lt often hear again;
Thy power invok'd each rolling year,
At ‡ Tuſculum thou muſt appear;
And with thy ſmiles propitious grace,
And long preſerve this virtuous race.

1777.

* Juno Pronuba.

† Juno Lucina.

‡ Not Tuſculum in Italy.

To

To Ph—p Th——sse, Esq.

TRUCE! my good friend, with your exotic phrase,
And let our appetites your cook'ry praise:
Nor boast your Burgundy's high-flavour'd juice,
Such dainties kings and viceroys might produce;—
Forget past wrongs; enjoy the present hour,
O'er which nor Lords nor Commons claim a power.

To crown the feast, ah! touch the trembling string,
And in angelic strains let Julia sing:
Such notes divine were luxury indeed;
Your *cottage* then will *palaces* exceed.

1 Nov. 1777.

A RHYME,

On the projected new Buildings at PEMBROKE COLLEGE, Oxford.

PEMBROKE can ſurely never lack ſtone,
Who boaſts her * Johnſtone, Shenſtone, Black-
ſtone.

On a very thin METAPHYSICIAN.

SCARCE from Privation's dreary lap,
Thy ſhadowy form drawn forth we ſee;
A ſcanty ſhred; a tiny ſcrap
Of metaphyſic entity!

Thy face, in hieroglyphic ſtyle
Seems juſt mark'd out; thy waiſt a ſpan:
Thou ſketch! thou out-line! thou profile!
Thou † bas-relievo of a man!

* Johnſtone, for Dr. S. Johnſon, by a punnical licence.

† See A. Marvell's admirable viſit to Richard Flecknoe, the prieſt, poet, and muſician.

The AUTHOR to his BOOK:

On its elegant Decorations.

THY *front* and *rear* are exquiſite, my friend;
For H—re and B—mpf—de kindly conde-
ſcend,
One to begin thy march, and one to end.

If then thy *middle ranks* ſhew want of ſkill,
Are ſhabby dogs, and diſciplin'd but ill;
Have ruſty arms; and cloaths not quite ſo new,
Make not, good folks, a *critical review*.

If the kind hoſt with ſmiles her gueſts receive,
And humbly curt'ſies when they take their leave;
Though you ſhould not ſo elegantly dine,
Excuſe her homely food and home-brew'd wine.

** SPECULATION.

SISTER of Hope! in every ſtation
Our faithful guide, or conſolation,
O! aid my ſong, ſweet Speculation!

The bard, the ſage, the young, the old,
Traders in theories or gold,
Thy power confeſs: man's bleſt reſource,
His privilege! his hobby-horſe!
The wretch's comfort, wiſe man's ſchool;
Affected by each formal fool,
Who want of thought, or empty pride,
Beneath a ſolemn face would hide.
Sage politician, Speculation!
Be thou Britannia's conſolation,
O! pay our debts—and ſave the nation.
For oft thy airy ſchemes ſupply
That wealth which envious fates deny.
By thee the Alchymiſt of old
Turn'd ſheets of lead or braſs to gold.

Our

Our ſtock-jobbers, of gambling fame,
With ſcraps of paper do the ſame.
By thee projectors in a jail
(For wiſeſt projects ſometimes fail)
To pay infallibly have ſhewn
The nation's debts—tho' not their own.

When youth and beauty, wild with joy,
Each feature and each nerve employ;
Fair nymphs, like fairies, lightly dancing,
Young ſwains, like ſportive ſatyrs, prancing;
Amidſt the ſplendors of the ball,
O! place your Bard againſt the wall,
Between two ſober aunts or couſins,
(Such as frequent the rooms by dozens)
There, wrapt in pleaſing contemplation,
Grown younger in imagination,
I trace the humours of the crowd;
The grave, the gay, the vain, the proud:
The amorous glance, the ſly grimace,
Each happy and each diſmal face.

Or

Or listen to their harmless chat;
In raptures at the Lord knows what.
"Dear Lady Bridget! how d'you do!
"Sir Charles! who thought of meeting you?
"The ball's extremely full to-night—
"What creature's this? Heavens! what a fright!"

Ah! happy nymphs, and happy swains!
Yet, stranger to your joys or pains,
In spight of all your gay flirtation,
I'm happier far in Speculation.

Look round the world! survey mankind;
What numbers shall we daily find,
Philosophers in *speculation!*
Triumphant o'er each vile temptation
Of interest, power, or sensual pleasure,
Wisdom and truth their only treasure.
The *moral sense* of right and wrong,
And Virtue's charms, their boasted song!

Yet

Yet ſee in *practice* this ſage tribe;
One bartering conſcience for a bribe:
One, piqu'd at Miniſterial ſlight,
Commencing Patriot in mere ſpight:
Or, maugre all his moral feeling,
Drunk from a tavern nightly reeling:
Or ſlighting Virtue's airy charms
To revel in a ſtrumpet's arms.

Bleſt be the Gallic chief, that hit on
The plan for conquering Great Britain!
How happy has the *ſpeculation*
Made each poor Frenchman in the nation;
Who, ſpite of ſoups and rich ragoûts,
And Galliards (in wooden-ſhoes)
Had long ſince fancied ſomewhat good in
Our Engliſh ale, roaſt-beef, and puddin!

With eager zeal behold they preſs;
Th' anticipated booty bleſs,

And,

And, from the fleet, the meagre crew
Of Britain take a Pisgah view:
With joy survey the verdant strand,
And part by lot the promis'd land!
See! how their chieftains, in a trice,
Their shares transfer, at cards or dice:
* Bath-Easton-Ville some red-heel'd spark,
Stakes boldly against * Prior-park;
Or bets some Goddess of his wish
Against the lovely † Cavendish.
Each mate and midshipman on duty,
In fancy hugs some English beauty.

How glorious this in speculation!
But ah! this fine anticipation
Holds only in imagination.
Their courage fails; the wind blows west,
And wafts the Monsieurs safe to Brest.

25 Nov. 1779.

* Two well-known seats near Bath.
† D——s of Devonshire.

The

The blisful GARRETEER,

O! fortunatos nimiùm sua si bona norint
Garret-colas!——

I.

HAPPY the man, who life's dull cares
To *low* ambition gives!
And, mounting up five pair of stairs,
In lofty garret lives.

II.

Whilst tumults vex our earthly ball,
Our streets whilst noisy cries,
The Garreteer escapes them all,
"Commercing with the skies."

III. No

III.

No wrangling mobs, thus heard from far,
Disturb his tranquil soul:
The rattling coach, and rumbling car,
Like distant thunders roll.

IV.

Proud, as a Sultan on his throne,
His vassals at his feet:
Above the *world*, the bard looks *down*
On all that man thinks great.

V.

Soft gales, from dregs terrestrial clear,
Sublimest thoughts inspire:
His warm'd imagination there
From heaven itself takes fire.

VI. Or

VI.

On beef or pork low mortals we
Regale; or ſtummy wines;
On nectar and ambroſia he
With Gods and Heroes dines.

VII.

While duſt or ſmoke beneath him rolls,
He ſnuffs the æthereal breeze;
And broils his ſteak upon the coals,
Or calmly toaſts his cheeſe.

VIII.

The wheezing dun, one flight of ſtairs
Who mounts to ſeize his prey;
To ſtorm *his* citadel deſpairs,
And growling turns away.

IX. The

IX.

The Cambrian thus on Penmenmoor,
Or Snowdón's lofty ſide,
Amidſt his craggy rocks ſecure,
The Roman power defy'd.

X.

The ſpider in the bard's bleſt dome
His web with ſafety hides;
Where mops or brooms dare never come,
"That come to all" beſides.

XI.

Tho' rarely ſeen in well-dreſs'd routs,
"Or cheerful haunts of men;"
Yet many a Macaronie ſpouts
The labours of his pen.

XII. Almack's,

XII.

Almack's, Pantheon, or Court-ball,
Are *low* and childiſh toys:
What only we *high life* can call,
The Garreteer enjoys.

* * The PERIPATETIC—and the conſequences of ambulatory Diſputation.

I Do not love, methinks, to ſee
Theſe troops of female *cavalry*,
Thus rais'd on prancing ſteeds the fair,
With ſcarlet coats and martial air:

Much leſs thoſe ſilken ſons of pride,
That coop'd in chairs or chariots ride;
And view with ſcorn the worthier band
Of *infantry* that walk the Strand.

Yet I'd not change, tho' you may laugh,
My ſturdy limbs and oaken ſtaff,
To loll in ſloth, and be convey'd
Like gouty lord, or ſickly maid.
Nay, ſhould I ſome long journey need,
I'd *walk* with ſafety, tho' leſs ſpeed,
Nor ſtride a ſtartling, ſtumbling ſteed.

On foot, in the heroic ages,
Travell'd wiſe Bards and learned Sages:
In Greece, Mæonides and Plato;
At Rome, great Scipio and Cato:
In dignity, as politicians,
Not much beneath our great phyſicians:
Yet ſure had deem'd it a reproach
To take a chair or call a coach.

Yet, not too lazy or too proud
To ſtruggle thro' the joſtling crowd,
I ſometimes inconvenience meet
From *walking* ſtateſmen in the ſtreet.

For late, in my perambulation,
One thus disturb'd my meditation:
Who, seizing my enamell'd button,
(Not such as party * zealots put on)
" Good Gods!" he cries, " what are we doing?
" We're rushing headlong to our ruin.
" Our ministers want common sense:
" Zounds, where was their intelligence,
" To treat with such an haughty air,
" And drive three millions to despair?
" 'Twas plain they'd throw off our subjection,
" And seek more powerful protection."

Well, pr'ythee let my button go;
I hate all politics, you know.
" There's Ireland too—But 'tis in vain
" Of partial evils to complain.
" Why don't we try some wiser head?—
" I wish they'd let *me* take the lead."—

* Revolution Buttons—worn by some people who don't care a *button* for any *past revolution*,

Whilst thus my friend his passion vents,
The public jeopardy laments;
And, thoughtless of his own affairs,
Nor king, nor lords, nor commons, spares;
A Catch-pole, who his steps had watch'd,
Our politician's shoulder catch'd;
And, spite of all his learned pleas,
With magic touch thought fit to seize;
And, vainly supplicating aid,
To durance vile at once convey'd.

Apollo thus your bard befriended;
And thus our conversation ended.

27 Dec. 1779.

The

The Fair Incognita.

To an accomplished young Lady, who came to a Country Place, and alarmed the whole Neighbourhood.

Impromptu.

WOULD Phœbus but inspire my lays,
I'd sing the fair Almeria's praise;
But ah! in vain I court Apollo;
Thus thunderstruck—no wit will follow.

But, since *divinity*'s my trade,
I'll trace some image of the maid;
Tho' faint the sketch, I'll do my best;
Your Fancy must supply the rest.

Our angels then we paint most fair;
With golden locks of flowing *hair*:

Cœleſtial ſmiles or winning graces
Adorn each feature of their faces :
Some *lute* or *harp* they bear in hand,
And every *language* underſtand.

Theſe angels too ſometimes, we know,
Come down from heav'n *incognito*,
To make poor mortals gape and ſtare ;
Who ne'er ſaw Beings half ſo fair.
But whilſt we view them with ſurpriſe,
Away they're gone, and mount the ſkies.

Such haply is your London faſhion ;
You love to raiſe an hopeleſs paſſion :
To captivate our ſwains at church,
And then you leave us in the lurch.
Permit me then to ſay no more,
But thus in ſilence to adore.

** On Ancient Music:

Bon Mot.

A Virtuoso friend, a man of worth,
With much surprise address'd my good Lord
N—th:
" I wonder how your Lordship can forbear
" The pleasures of our famous Club to share;
" Who meet, the *ancient Music* to restore:
" Such harmony! you never heard before.
" Pray come, my Lord; th' effect's beyond belief;
" Brownlow * attends"——Yes, Sir, but *I*'m not deaf.

* Bishop of Worcest-r, said to be a little deaf.

PART IV.

IMITATIONS,

FROM THE

GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

GREEK AND ROMAN CIVILIZATION

LECTURE

INTERLUDE

BY

[illegible]

PART IV.

IMITATIONS,

FROM THE

GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

On BEAUTY.

From ANACREON.

NATURE (tho' Sceptics think her blind)
To all her various offspring kind,
On every animal beſtows
Defenſive arms againſt its foes;
Or ſome more powerful inſtinct gives,
By which it ſteers itſelf, and lives.

Bulls with their horns the fight commence;
The Horſe's hoofs are his defence;

The

The Lion's jaws his foes affright;
The Hare ſecures herſelf by flight;
Their finny oars dumb Fiſhes ply;
And Birds with wings ſail thro' the ſky;
Whilſt Man, elate with Reaſon's pride,
Still boaſts that *Wiſdom* is his guide.

What then weak Woman's lot remains,
To guard her from the brutal chains,
Which man might forge, to bind the Fair,
Tho' form'd his ſweeteſt joys to ſhare?—

In lieu of all our boaſted arms,
Heaven gave to Woman *Beauty*'s charms;
Soft ſmiles, and each enchanting grace,
And all th' artillery of a face.

Nor Strength nor Wiſdom, Fire or Sword,
The Fair-one wants, to rule her Lord;
The powerful lightning of her eyes,
The want of ſhield or ſpear ſupplies.

Beauty the wiſeſt heart beguiles,
And haughtieſt Monarchs court her ſmiles.

From the GREEK of MELEAGER.

ON Heliodora's brow the chaplet dies,
While with the new-blown Roſe her beauty vies.

From the ſame.

"HOW ſhort a time this ſhrub the Roſes grace!
"When that is paſt, the prickly thorn takes
"place."
Thus ſweetly bloom the earlier years of life;
Then comes old age, ſharp cares, and jarring ſtrife.

From NICHARCHUS.

BEAUTY, without a Grace, may pleaſe the ſight,
But ne'er can yield a permanent delight:
Thus round the hookleſs bait the Pike will play;
Divert himſelf—but ſwim unhurt away.

From

From the GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Πολλα φαγὼν, &c.

HERE Timon rests from all his labours,
Who eat and drank—and curs'd his neighbours.

On TEMPERANCE.

Imitated from Horace, Book I. Ode 22.

"Integer vitæ, &c."

THE man that leads a sober life,
Obsequious to his careful wife:
Abstains from all high-season'd food,
And drinks no more than does him good:—

He needs no case of costly drams,
Nor hamper stuff'd with tongues and hams;
Much less the pills that quacks may puff,
Or * *poisonous draughts* of Doctor's *stuff*.

* Nec venenatis gravida sagittis, &c.

Whether

Whether thro' half-ſtarv'd France he goes,
Or, traverſing th' unmelting ſnows,
That crown the Alps or Apennines,
On frogs and ſtinking rabbits dines;
Or tempts the Volga's barbarous flood,
Where Tartars feed on horſes' blood.

For late, when reſident in College,
That ſeat of Temperance and Knowledge,
A *ſpotted friend* *, with fevers arm'd,
And poiſonous breath, the town alarm'd;
No lynx or leopard fiercer ranges,
Amongſt our Nabobs on the Ganges,
Or haunts the much-fam'd banks of Nile,
Where lurks the treacherous crocodile.

Yet, taking Temperance to my aid,
Undaunted thro' cloſe lanes I ſtray'd,
And brav'd the monſter, void of fear:—
He found no food for fevers here.

* Small-pox.

Place

Place me amidst th' eternal frost,
That reigns o'er Lapland's desart coast;
Where not a flower, or chearful green,
Or cabbage-stem is ever seen:
But clouds and fogs, or darkness drear,
Obscure and sadden half the year:—
Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where never * savage hut was known:—
To Temperance whilst my vows I pay,
And sing her praise, her offspring gay,
Fair Health my cares shall still beguile,
And sweetly prattle, sweetly smile.

* In terrâ domibus negatâ.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book IV. Ode 3.

Imitated.

I.

THE man on whoſe romantic head
The penſive Muſe has deign'd to ſhed
Her influence divine;
Him no Olympic feats ſhall raiſe,
Ambitious of athletic praiſe,
Or on the turf to ſhine.

II.

But ſtill with joy he'll love to rove,
And meditate in ſome cool grove,
Near Avon's willow'd ſtreams:
There, tuning his melodious lyre,
As Love or Fancy may inſpire,
Indulge poetic dreams.

III.

If Bath, * *Metropolis* of Cards!
Rank me amongſt her little *Bards*,
Nor envy me the name;
To thee, kind Muſe, to thee I owe
Th' applauſe my partial *friends* beſtow;
To thee my ſlender fame.

On preſenting a trifling Book to Sir W. Bl—st—ne.

Martial, Book I. Epigram.

Imitated.

Do tibi naumachiam, &c.

I'M judging culprits, you your poems bring;
Faith, Dick, your book and you deſerve to ſwing.

1779.

* Princeps urbium.

Martial,

MARTIAL, B. i. Epigram

Cum te non novi, regem dominumque vocabam.

On a handſome STREET-WALKER at BATH.

WHILE yet a ſtranger (thou'rt ſo pretty)
I ſoften'd my addreſs,
And call'd thee Betſy, or Miſs Betty;
But now I'll call thee—Beſs.

MARTIAL. B. iii. Ep. 20.

Imitated. 1778.

GODDESS of verſe! cœleſtial Muſe, O! ſay,
Retir'd to Bath, how Gallio ſpends the day?
Whether to future times his claſſic page
Tranſmits the *glories* of the preſent age!
Or does he, 'midſt thoſe elegant abodes,
With Garrick's prologues vie, or Anſty's odes?

Or, at the Rooms, amongſt * *poetic folks*,
Lolling at eaſe, retail his *Attic* jokes?

On Avon's banks perhaps he penſive ſtrays,
Or in the Creſcent courts the ſolar rays:
Perhaps, ſome fine autumnal day, he'll rove,
Where bards regale in † M-ll-r's echoing grove:
Or to the ‡ ſteaming pump each morn repair,
And in their native bloom admire the Fair.
Does he coquet and compliment the ſluts?
Ah! no; dear Sir, your friend is cracking nuts.

* Otioſus in ſchola poetarum; lepore tinctos Attico ſales.
† Rure Tulli fruitur.
‡ Æſtuantes Baias, &c.

Book iv. Ep. 90.

PENT up in town, " you can't conceive
" How people in the country live:
" A journal of my life require"—
Take then, in brief, what you desire.

Soon as I rise, *I say my prayers**:
Then see how matters go down stairs.
Walk to the stable; view my steeds;
Ask how each servant's work proceeds.

When Nanny brings my tea and toast,
She tells me what's to boil or roast.
I search what fruit my garden yields,
Then ride or walk about my fields.
There court the Muses and Apollo—
Tho' rarely sense my rhymes will follow.

* Luce, deos oro—a remarkable anecdote of an heathen Poet.

The morning ſpent, thus free from care,
In exerciſe and wholeſome air,
Gives reliſh to my frugal fare.
† I dine, I drink, I ſing, I read,
I play, I ſup, and go to bed ‡.

† "Prandeo, poto, cano; ludo, lego, cœno, quieſco."
Mr. Pope ſays, a friend of his was forced to make *three* bad verſes of this one line; I have made only two—bad ones.

‡ The Epigram ſeems to end here. Martial has two lines more, to inform us, that he writes verſes (after he is in bed, I ſuppoſe) by a farthing candle. "Parvus lychnus."

MART. B. xi. Ep. 19.

An hyperbolical Deſcription of a Country Seat.

"WELL, Sir, you've here a ſnug retreat;—
But call you this a Country Seat?
My chamber-window makes a figure
Much like your farm—but ſomething bigger.—
Why, Sir, a bed of Sage would here
A ſtately grove of Oaks appear.
The Graſs-hoppers *, that chirp and ſing,
Might almoſt ſhade it with one wing.
A ſnail, that on your fruit ſhould prey,
Would eat it up in half a day.
But here nor fruit, nor herbage green,
No more than cloves or mace, are ſeen.
No Cucumber at length could lie;
Nor Snake lurk ſafe from jeopardy.
No Muſhroom here can raiſe its head;
No Violet its foliage ſpread.

* Cicala; a large kind of Locuſt in Italy.

The Caterpillar fares but ill;
For where ſhould he his belly fill?
The locuſt eats his leaf, and dies—
A Mole your plowman's place ſupplies.
The plundering Mouſe is dreaded more
Than erſt the Calydonian * Boar.
Snatch'd up at once, thy crop of corn
A Swallow to her neſt has borne—
And birds may pillage, void of fear;
Thou haſt no room for † ſcare-crows here.
Indeed, thy harveſt is ſo ſmall,
A cockle-ſhell would hold it all:
Thy vintage would not fill a flaſk;
A nut-ſhell ſerves thee for a caſk.

Come, give us then one ‡ diſh of meat,
And we'll extol thy ſnug retreat,
And call it ſtill a *Country Seat*.

* Slain by Meleager.
† Vide Orig.
‡ A jingle in the original between "*prandium*" and "*prædium*."

MART.

MART. B. xii. Ep. 66.

The delicate LOVER.

ALL night, ſays Charles, by lovely Phyllis bleſt,
The nymph with all her arts her ſwain careſt;
Fir'd with her charms, and grateful for the joy,
I ſtudied for ſome faſhionable toy,
" Some brilliant trinket to reward the fair:
" A ſmart aigrette, ſuppoſe, to deck her hair:
" Perhaps a piece of chintz, or pound of tea:
" For ſhe'll diſdain the uſual golden fee."——

The ſlut perceiv'd the ardour of my love;
Clung round my neck; and, like the billing dove,
With melting kiſſes, hoping to prevail,
She begg'd to ſcore me up—a quart of ale.

CONSOLATION

Consolation to a Country Parson, on losing a fine Horse.

From an elegant Latin Epigram of W. D. jun. Esq.

ALAS! my friend, and worthy pastor,
I'm sorry for your sad disaster:
But why such symptoms of remorse
And sorrow for your stolen horse?
Let a good staff supply his place:
To *walk* would shew more signs of grace.
'Twas meant to mortify your pride—
On horseback must Apostles ride?

Come, prithee, act then the philosopher,
And soon you'll get this trifling loss over.

Tho' old and lame, if thus put to't,
The Pope himself must walk on foot.

PART V.

ELEGIAC PIECES.

PART V.

ELEGIAC PIECES.

** CHARITY.

Imitated from the 13th Chapter of St. PAUL's first Epiſtle to the CORINTHIANS.

I.

THO' ſtreams of Elocution flow'd
More tuneful from my tongue
Than e'er on mortal lips have glow'd,
Or grac'd an Angel's ſong:

II.

With all the knowledge were I ſtor'd
That ſwells each learned tome;
Had I all myſteries explor'd,
Paſt, preſent, or to come:

III. Each

III.

Each day with oſtentatious pride
Were my ſuperfluous ſtore,
Nay, all my fund of wealth, apply'd
To clothe or feed the poor:

IV.

To ſeal the Truth could I ſubmit,
With conſtancy of ſoul,
Or yet in various tongues tranſmit
That Truth from pole to pole:

V.

Had I the Faith of Abraham ſhar'd,
And mountains could remove:
Yet what are all theſe gifts, compar'd
With Charity or Love?

VI.

Vain as the tinkling cymbal's ſound
Were all theſe pompous deeds:
The ſoul where Charity is found,
Each boaſted grace exceeds.

VII.

True Charity its aid extends,
To fierceſt foes is kind:
Patient and gentle to her friends,
To all their frailties blind.

VIII.

By no ſuſpicious fears miſled,
She always hopes the beſt:
No ſelfiſh views of gain are bred
Or harbour'd in her breaſt.

IX.

Nor Envy nor Ambition knows,
Nor loves the ſlanderous tale:
From purer ſource her pleaſure flows—
To ſee the Truth prevail.

X.

When all theſe outward gifts are loſt,
And tongues and knowledge fail:
True Charity her power may boaſt;
Her charms ſhall ſtill prevail.

XI.

Till perfect in the realms of light
Her banners ſhe'll diſplay;
Whilſt human Virtues from the ſight,
Like vapours, melt away.

XII. When

XII.

When yet a child, with every toy
And trifle I was charm'd:
Each tranſient bliſs, each idle joy,
My breaſt with rapture warm'd.

XIII.

But when a man, and grown more wiſe,
Theſe trifles pleaſe no more;
I look with cold, diſguſted eyes
On all that pleas'd before.

XIV.

Thus, earthly joys, like ſhadows vain
Reflected from a glaſs,
Our fancy for a while detain,
And in a moment paſs.

XV.

But man, 'midſt heaven's unclouded beams,
More perfect bliſs will know;
Where pleaſures in unceaſing ſtreams
From God's right hand ſhall flow.

XVI.

Fruition Hope; and Faith, above,
Shall Certainty obtain:
But Charity alone, and Love,
Eternally ſhall reign.*

1778.

* The author has only endeavoured to give the moſt ſtriking ideas of this beautiful deſcription: There was one paraphraſe, amongſt many other very good ones, exhibited the ſame morning, which is ſince publiſhed, and inſcribed to the Queen; and which I would venture to pronounce the moſt expreſſive, and at the ſame time the moſt poetical, of any thing in its kind.

** PROCRASTINATION.

WRETCH that I am! what friendly power
Shall fix my wavering ſoul,
Teach me to ſeize the preſent hour,
And Cuſtom's charms controul?

Why thus perſiſt, from day to day,
To err, in Wiſdom's ſpite?
I ſee my path—Why then delay
What Reaſon tells me's right?

The *preſent* day th' attempt is vain;
We've *ſomething* ſtill to *do*:
But when to-morrow comes, 'tis plain
That will be *preſent* too:

And then the ſame reluctant will,
T'attend th' ungrateful theme,
Will thwart our reſolutions ſtill,
And fruſtrate every ſcheme.

How ſoon, amidſt theſe faint reſolves,
The ſpring of life is o'er!
How quick each annual ſun revolves!
But—youth returns no more.

Manhood to youth, and, ſoon, old age
To manhood's ſtrength ſucceeds:
O! then let each ſucceſſive ſtage
Be mark'd by virtuous deeds.

Whilſt yet your ſtrength of mind remains,
Reſiſt the riſing ſtorm:
Break looſe from Paſſion's irkſome chains,
And every vice reform.

* " Dare to be wiſe! begin" to-day,
  Nor truſt uncertain fate:
Your long-plan'd reformation may
  To-morrow come too late.

To-morrow, oh! how oft' you ſwore
  To change your courſe, my friend!
Thus 'twill be always one day more,
  Ere you begin to mend.

" When once I've finiſh'd *this* affair,
  " My actions I'll review:
" And when I've brought *that* ſcheme to bear,
  " Begin my life anew."

The idiot thus, who ſaw his way
  Acroſs the Severn lie,
Reſolv'd upon its banks to ſtay,
  Till all the ſtream ran by.

* Sapere aude! incipe. Hor.

And then the ſame reluctant will,
T'attend th' ungrateful theme,
Will thwart our reſolutions ſtill,
And fruſtrate every ſcheme.

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And every vice reform.

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Your long-plan'd reformation may
  To-morrow come too late.

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  Ere you begin to mend.

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  " My actions I'll review:
" And when I've brought *that* ſcheme to bear,
  " Begin my life anew."

The idiot thus, who ſaw his way
  Acroſs the Severn lie,
Reſolv'd upon its banks to ſtay,
  Till all the ſtream ran by.

* Sapere aude! incipe. Hor.

But torrents, with united force,
Augment the copious river;
Which proudly ſtill purſues its courſe,
And murmuring flows for ever.

* PARENTAL AFFECTION;

Written on a Journey.

Metre the ſame with "Lovely Nancy," a well-known Song.

I.

HEAVEN guard my dear *Nancy!* who claims all my care;
How ſweet are her ſmiles! how gentle her air!
For *her* ſake alone I would add to my ſtore;
But if Heav'n ſtill *guard* her, I aſk for no more.

* The author gives this up to the ridicule of old batchelors and chaſte virgins——and will only anſwer them in the words of Conſtance to the Cardinal.

"He talks to me, that never had a child." K. JOHN.

II. Thus

II.

Thus ſmil'd her dear mother, thus blooming *her* charms,
When in youth the dear creature firſt came to my arms.
Tho' *ſhe's* ſnatch'd to the grave, I ſtill think her alive,
While her virtues and graces in Nancy ſurvive.

III.

May my Nancy in virtue and charms ſtill improve!
And guard her young heart from the tortures of love,
Till her merit ſome youth like herſelf ſhall engage,
And make her ſtill happy, the joy of my age!

IV.

Tho' to beauty a ſlave, I have all my life long
With the raptures of love ſtill enliven'd my ſong;
Yet, as far as my Nancy excels other laſſes,
Parental affection love's raptures ſurpaſſes.

Marlborough, 7 Jan. 1779.

**ELEGY:

On the Death of Mr. GARRICK.

FAREWELL, great maſter of the ſcenic art!
The play is done—and *thou* haſt *topp'd* thy part;
Thou'ſt acted heroes, emperors, and kings;
But thy own *life* exhibits nobler things!

With critic eye throughout his conduct ſcan;
You'll *praiſe* the actor, but—you'll *love* the man.
True, he reform'd and *dignified* the *ſtage*:
Yet more his poliſh'd manners grac'd the age.
By GARRICK taught, *theatric heroes* pleaſe,
And *life* aſſumes new elegance and eaſe.
He wit with candour, mirth with ſenſe, could blend;
A gay companion—and a cordial friend.

Yet thus in every ſcene tho' GARRICK ſhone,
Think not on ſlight accompliſhments alone
His merit reſts: no, he exalts his name
By virtuous deeds, which crown his honeſt fame.

What crowds reliev'd his memory ſhall bleſs!
His purſe, his heart was open to diſtreſs;
To men of rank, of wit, of learning dear,
He lent to modeſt worth a friendly ear.
Tho' mean their talents, yet deſerving *men*
Claim'd his advice, his fortune, or his—pen;
Each ſpark of genius ſtill he ſtrove to raiſe,
And *patroniz'd* * ev'n thoſe he could not *praiſe*.

Such GARRICK was—but ah! is now no more;
All ranks, in tears, the public loſs deplore.
His urn to join his SHAKSPEARE's duſt is borne;
And crowds in ſable weeds their favourite mourn.

But whilſt the pomp moves o'er the hallow'd ground,
See! groups of airy beings hovering round!
There *Genius* weeps; there every *Grace* appears,
And every *Virtue* droops, diſſolv'd in tears.

* As the author had no perſonal acquaintance with Mr. GARRICK, he only ſpeaks the *general* ſenſe of the public. Some few individuals may *fancy* they had reaſon to complain of a contrary behaviour.

But

But who is ſhe, that high above the reſt
Chief mourner ſeems, and plaintives ſmites her breaſt?
The *tragic Muſe*—I know her ſolemn pace:
Yet *Comedy* * herſelf has veil'd her face,
And hardly yields to *Tragedy* the place.

ANGELI POLITIANI,

De Exilio et Morte OVIDII.

ET jacet Euxinis vates Romanus in oris?
Romanum vatem barbara terra tegit?
Terra tegit vatem teneros qui luſit amores
Barbara; quam gelidis alluit Iſter aquis.
Nec te Roma pudet, quæ tanto immitis alumno,
Pectora habes ipſis barbariora Getis?
Ecquid, Iö Muſæ! Scythicis in finibus ægro
Tædia qui morbi demeret ullus erat?
Ecquid frigidulos qui lecto imponeret artus;
Aut qui dulciloquo falleret ore diem?

* See Sir Joſhua Reynolds's admirable picture.

Aut

Aut qui tentaret ſalientis tempora venæ?
Aut fomenta manu qui properata daret?
Conderet aut oculos mediâ jam morte natantes,
Aut legeret ſummam qui pius ore animam?
Nullus erat, nullus; veteres tu dura ſodales
Heu! procul a Ponto, martia Roma, tenes.
Nullus erat; procul ah! conjux parvique nepotes;
Nec fuerat profugum nata ſecuta patrem.
Scilicet immanes Beſſi flavique Coralli,
Aut vos pelliti, *ſaxea corda!* Getæ;
Scilicet horribili dederat ſolamina vultu
Sarmata, ab epoto ſæpe vehendus equo:
Sarmata, cui rigidam demiſſo in lumine frontem
Mota pruinoſo tempora crine ſonant.
Sed tamen et Beſſi extinctum, et flevere Coralli
Sarmataque; et durus contudit *ora* Getes.
Extinctum et montes flebant et ſylva feræque;
Et fleſſe in mediis dicitur Iſter aquis.
Quinetiam pigro concretum frigore Pontum
Nereidum lachrymis intepuiſſe ferunt.

Accurrêre leves Paphiâ cum matre volucres,
Arſuroque faces ſuppoſuere rogo.
Quem ſimul abſumpſit rapidæ violentia flammæ
Relliquias tecto compoſuere cado.
Impoſitumque brevi ſignârunt carmine ſaxum,
Qui jacet hîc teneri doctor amoris erat.
Ipſa locum latè ſancto Cytherea liquore
Irrorat niveâ terque quaterque manu.
Vos quoque Pierides vati libaſtis ademto
Carmina: ſed noſtro non referenda ſono.

* * POLITIAN'S † ELEGY

On the Banishment and Death of OVID.

OBSCURELY buried on the Pontic shore,
A Roman Bard shall barbarous *Goths* deplore?
Barbarians mourn the Bard, whose tuneful tongue
In softest notes Love's sweetest raptures sung?
Blush then, imperial Rome! nor dare to own
A brutal wrath to savage breasts unknown.

And was there then, ye Muses, *no* kind friend
To the sick Bard, his soothing aid to lend?
To smooth his couch, the cordial medicines give,
Or with kind speech the tedious hours relieve?
No skillful hand the varying pulse to try;
No tender nurse to watch the languid eye,

† Angelus Politianus, one of the politest writers of the 15th century, died 1494. In this elegy he has admirably imitated the style and manner of his poet, Ovid.

As the original is not in the common editions of Ovid, it was thought proper to print it here.

Obsequious

Obſequious to it's call; or, ev'n in death,
To cloſe the eyes, or † catch the parting breath?

Ah! no; each dear aſſociate, ſought in vain,
Far, far from Pontus Rome's harſh laws detain.
Nor friend, nor wife, nor prattling babe might dare
The hapleſs exile's wretched fate to ſhare.

Yet ſkin-clad Scythians, nurs'd with horſes' blood,
Fierce as their native Danube's boiſterous flood;
The uncouth boors in crowds around him preſs,
With ſoften'd looks bewailing his diſtreſs:
Their *flinty hearts* that ſympathy ſupply,
Which poliſh'd Romans to their Bard deny:
They ſmite their breaſt, and ſhake their mournful head,
And icy locks, in pity to the dead.
Wild mountains, woods, and rocks, give ſigns of woe,
And Iſter's ſtreams in murmuring accents flow.
Nay, ev'n the *frozen* Pontic ſea ('tis ſaid)
Grew warm with tears †, by weeping Nereids ſhed.

* According to the cuſtom of the ancients.

† A truly Ovidian conceit — "Non ignoravit vitia ſua, ſed amavit." SEN.

Each

Each winged Cupid, and the Paphian Queen,
With penſive look and flaming torch was ſeen;
Who, kindling, watch'd the funeral ſtructure burn,
Then clos'd his aſhes in the ſacred urn:
With this ſhort verſe inſcribe the marble bier,
"The Maſter of the ART OF LOVE lies here."
Venus herſelf, with fair and pious hand,
Sprinkles cœleſtial odours o'er the ſtrand;
And you, ye Muſes, for libations, bring
Such ſtrains—as none but heav'nly powers can ſing!

On the Death of a much-lov'd WIFE.

I.

DISTRACTING ſcene! oh fatal ſtroke!
All human ſkill is now too late:
The cords of life at length are broke,
And Nature muſt ſubmit to Fate *.

II.

No longer now my LUCIA needs
Our friendly aid, the conflict's o'er;
A tranſient calm the ſtorm ſucceeds,
And now, alas! ſhe breathes no more.

III.

Yet ſmiles atteſt a ſoul ſerene;
Her mortal frailties are forgiv'n:
Let Hope illume the tragic ſcene,
My Lucia's pardon's ſeal'd in heav'n.

* The decrees of Heaven.

IV. But

IV.

But ah! to what far-diſtant coaſt
Is flown the ſpirit of my dear?
In what wild region art thou loſt?
O! gentle Spirit, tell me where!

V.

Whether beyond the radiant pole,
Unnumber'd leagues, on wings convey'd,
Where Comets blaze or Planets roll,
Through azure depths of ſpace thou'rt ſtray'd?

VI.

No; rather 'midſt th' angelic throngs
To thy bleſt ſoul a place is given;
Where Seraphs chaunt immortal ſongs,
With Cherubs, round the throne of Heav'n.

VII.

Perhaps with ſympathetic care,
Inviſible to mortal eyes,
Thou hover'ſt in the fields of air,
A witneſs to our tears and ſighs.

VIII.

There, pleas'd, thy ſweet maternal love
Our youthful offspring ſtill ſurveys;
Sent by the indulgent Powers above,
The guardian of their thoughtleſs days.

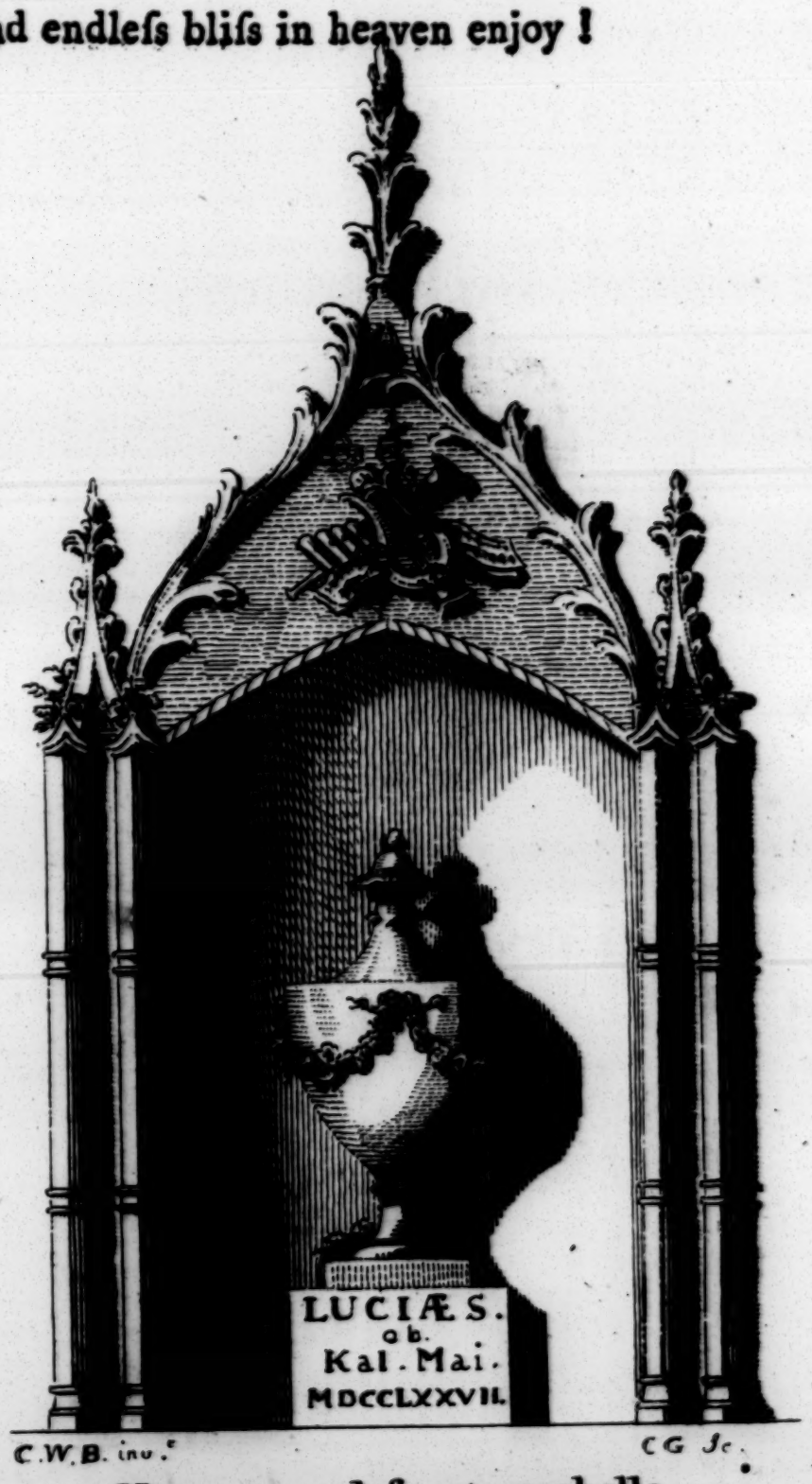
IX.

O! let me burſt this clay-built ſhrine,
That veils my Lucia from my ſight!
Unite my raviſh'd ſoul with thine,
And ſeek th' empyreal realms of light!

X. There,

X.

There, undiſturb'd by grief or pain,
Let hymns of praiſe our hearts employ,
Till each lov'd friend we meet again,
And endleſs bliſs in heaven enjoy!



Nunc arma, defunctumq: bello
Barbiton, hic paries habebit.

Hor.